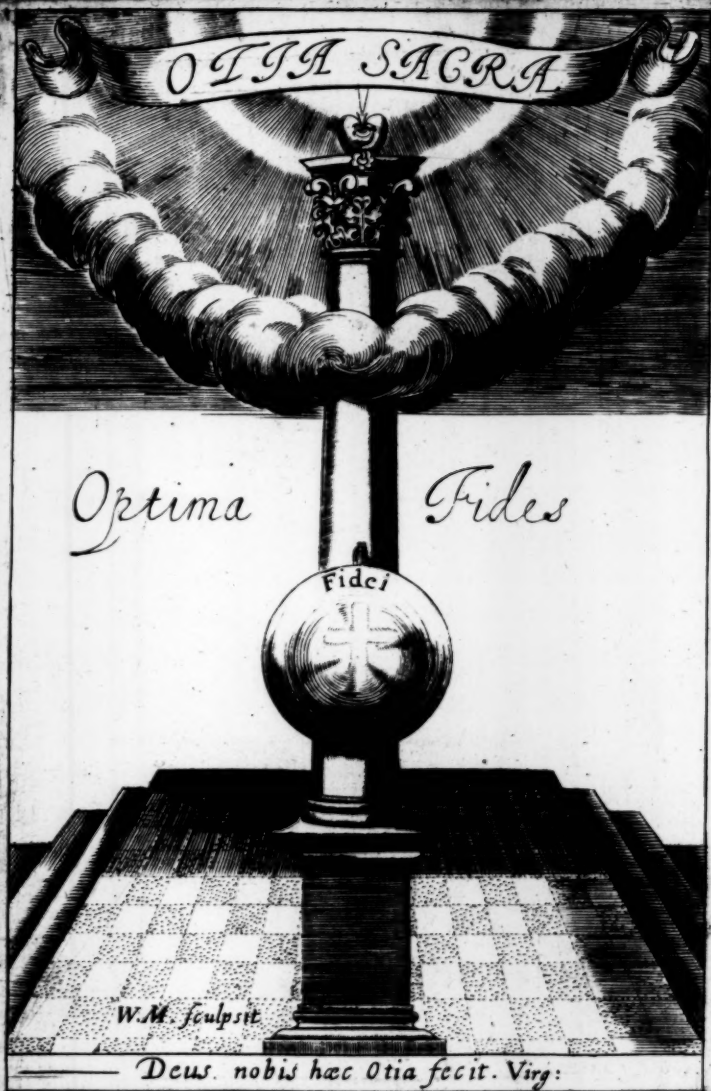


Deus. nobis hæc Otia fecit. Virg:  
London. Printed by Richard Cotes. 1648.



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London. Printed by Richard Cotes. 1648.



---

*Columna Fidei.*

OUR Senses are bewitch'd, and seem to grow  
So to the Creature, and on things below,  
That all our busied Fancy can devise,  
Serves more to sink them, than to make them rise:  
For out of sight and minde, at once agree  
To blind-fold Nature from Eternitie;  
And leave her groveling, for to groape her way  
Here in This Transitory bed of Clay,  
Till Faith steps in; and in the stead of wings,  
Unto Beleef, a lofty Pillar brings,  
Whereby we should be raised up; And thus  
Ascend to Him, descended once for Us.

---

ΚΑΡΔΙΑΙΝΟΣΤΗΞ.

*On the Title Page.*

THere is a Fowle wont hide its head,  
To Passe so undiscovered:  
Judging it self exempt from eyes  
Of others, whilst it none descryes.  
Not much unlike are such to these,  
Who commit Closet-trespases  
And Chamber-dalliance; and then  
Goe for unseen, 'cause so of Men.  
If They my Pillars top attein,  
They'l finde an eye tryes heart and rein:  
But Natures Pur-blinde sight short is;  
Nor can she rise alone to this,  
Till Grace assist, which will such vertue yield,  
As both t'ascend the Pillar, gain this Shield.



## OTIA SACRA.

---

### *Ad Libellum suum.*

**G**OE without Dedication, for that might  
 Imply I sought to Shelter what I write  
 Under some Patronage: I can afford  
 None Sharers in this Offering with my Lord:  
 His are both Line and Leisure, which mis-spent,  
 The fault lyes on th' unhappy Instrument  
 That should improve both better: But 'tis done,  
 And Thy fate is decree'd, thy woof is spun;  
 Censure must passe: Yet Blush not since thy Strings  
 Are onely consonant with holy things.

---

### *Ad Viatorem.*

**N**umina, non Nummos, Me dum cernis Meditantem,  
 Et Me-ditantem crede (Viator) habes.

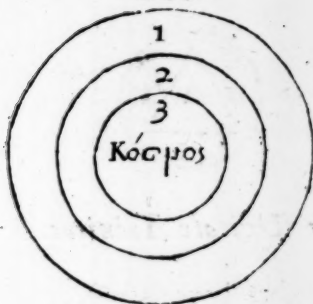
(3)



*In Unitate Trinitas.*

**T**Hat Number 'bove the rest,  
For ever Blest,  
Which God Himself doth daign  
To Branch into, yet Re-unites again,  
For as His Preſcience could tell  
When Angels fell  
That Man would follow, and there ſhould be On  
Sent for to make Redemption :  
So from our Miſery did He Infer  
Th'neceſſity of a Comforter.  
This doth inſpire, That did Create,  
The ſecond did Regenerate :  
Thus though Diſtinct, They are  
Yet ſingular,  
And One wiſe-ever Power it is doth Tie  
This Triple Knot into a Unitie.

(4)



Ex Maxima Parte  
nondum Vocati.

Mundi { Participes Verbi et  
Sacramentorum,  
qui fuere vocati  
sed nondū electi. } Ad

Electi, ideoque vo-  
cati.

Sanctificationem.

Qui propter externam  
vocationem Domini per  
Verbum, interne & effe-  
ctualiter vocantur per  
Spiritus Sanctum.

Justificationem.

Grege parvulus Christi,  
Luk. 12. 32.

Glorificationem.

Tertia pars Domini, Ea-  
char. 13. 9.

Let me not tread the Broad highway to Sin,  
But being Elect declare my Call therein.

Seminantur

à Deo

Veritas  
Pax  
Amicitia.

Ut Alterutri  
prodesamus

Inter Homines

à Diabolo

Mendacium  
Discordia  
Inimicitia.

Ut Alterutrum  
devoremus.

(5)

*A Morning Thought.*

*Psal. 104. 23.*

Sithence it is given  
To Man, to follow's Labor till the Even;  
And when that Star doth close  
Up Day, then to seek quiet and repose,  
Let Us what's of our Own  
Learn to make known,  
To be  
But so much Cash of purchas'd Misery;  
All else Confess  
(Of Love and Providence) true happiness.

For as our Souls had been  
A Combating all Day with Flesh and Sin,  
And then for Captives led  
In Slumbers Fetters; Prison'd in a Bed.  
So by the Nights Exchange again to Day  
They may  
(Set free) take up their Armes,  
And having overcome those Charmes;  
Boldly Conclude the Victory to keep  
When as they Warr for Him kept them asleep.

No other Ransom Need  
To Speed  
This Liberty; but once awake,  
Into our thoughts to take,  
What such Confinement might  
Administer of Danger in One night,  
And how th'all-wakefull eye  
Provided had for our Delivery;  
Which on the wings of Contemplation rais'd  
Again, w'are Mounted, whilst His name is prais'd.

*Gali*

Psalm 19.

*Cæli enarrant Gloriam Dei.*

\* *The Son of  
Blindness in  
the Syriac.*

**A**Re we asleep? or doe we see  
No more than did blind \* *Bartime?*  
Or are our Senses Charm'd to lie  
Benumm'd into some Lethargie,  
Whilst Sin makes of's a Conquest? Rise  
Flesh-buried Soul, and from the Skies  
Let thy wing'd thoughts to thee relate  
Who 'twas those structures did Create,  
Where in Thy Hemisphere at large is pen'd,  
More wonder then frail Clay can comprehend.

Whether a Sun, a Moon, a Star,  
A Comet or a Meteor,  
A Various Bow, true sign of Peace,  
Swoln Clouds, which cause on earth increase  
When breaking they Distill; the Glum  
And horrid beat of Thunders Drum  
We hear or see: Why are these sent?  
But t'shew He is Omnipotent,  
Who thus in Characters doth write, whereby  
We have a Lecture in Divinity.

For as those great and lesser Lights  
Distinguish Time by Dayes and Nights;  
So was it Day with us untill  
Our Disobedient Parents fell.  
Yet as the Tincell'd Night gives way  
At th' opening o'th' true Golden Day;  
So did the powers of Darknes fly,  
The Sun of Righteousness being by:  
And when we Comet-struck, int' Sin had run,  
The Father did redeem us by the Son.

When

When th'Undertaker first did daine  
 For to restore His world again,  
 He us'd no other lock or sluice  
 I'th' Clouds, but sent a Bow of truce.  
 What did His Mercy lesse, when we  
 Who are the Worlds Epitome,  
 Delug'd in Sin, lay Breathlesse, Drown'd,  
 Untill Our Saviours Pretious Wound  
 Open'd a Drayn, wherewith he laid us dry,  
 From wickedness into fertility.

The Aire imprison'd, fain would try  
 The virtue of more Liberty:  
 Yet meeting with a tougher Cloud  
 Is forc'd to quarrell, and speak loud.  
 So if we seek our freedom heer,  
 We must no Cloud of Fortune fear:  
 But like Bonargeses, proclame  
 What we profess, then be the same.  
 For whilst the Face looks one way, and the Mind  
 Another, 'tis like Rain brought 'gainst the Wind.

There shall no Thunder-crack, nor dash of wet,  
 Prodigious Comer, in us fear beget;  
 But the Suns Purple, and the Silver wings  
 The Moon puts on, bespeaks us Saints and Kings,  
 Whilst Iris Endlesse Peace, the numerous Lights  
 Adorn the Night, discypher all delights:  
 Which for to seek to compass and obtain,  
 He that quits life and all here, makes great Gain.



*My Countrey Audit.*

**B**Left Privacie, Happy Retreat, wherein  
 I may cast up my Reck'nings, Audit Sin,  
 Count o'r my Debts, and how Arrears increase  
 In Natures book, towards the God of Peace:  
 What through perverseness hath been wav'd, or don  
 To My first Covenants contradiction:  
 How many promis'd Resolutions broke  
 Of keeping touch (almost as soon as spoke.)

Thus like that Tenant who behind-hand cast,  
 Intreats so oft forbearance, till at last  
 The sum surmounts his hopes, and then no more  
 Expects, but Mercy to strike off the score.  
 So here, methinks, I see the Landlords Grace  
 Full of Compassion to my drooping Case,  
 Bidding me be of comfort, and not griev'd,  
 My Rent his Son should pay if I believ'd.

*Cui in calamitatibus soli sit fidendum.*

**W**hen first the Towing Hills, the loftier Pine,  
 Exchang'd to ride upon the swelling brine  
*Neptune* prepar'd, and with more Active skill  
 Grew sometimes in the Vale, sometimes on th' Hill:  
 Whilst Floating in a compleat tackle drest,  
 She's taught to Sayl from *Cadis* to the East  
 Where *Ganges* runs, and from those coasts being come,  
 To steer a course back to *Illyrium*:  
 Then was that coward Fear banish'd the Mind  
 And Heart of Man, ambitious still to find

*Juv. Sat. 10.*

More

(9)

More worlds and works of wonder, wherein He  
Might trace the Greatness of the Deitie.

*Her. Od. 3.*

Then as if fortify'd with steel and brass,  
Ventur'd his Bottom on this field of glass,

So brickle and unconstant, as contrives

A nearness unto Death, yet with reprints.

A small Gale over-fills the sayls, a leak

Is sprung, in shorter time than I can speak.

Then being o'r-set above, o'r-charg'd beneath,

What can expected be but present Death?

Unless we seek to Him, at whose command

Becalm'd into Obedience, Tempests stand,

Rising when He so pleases, and are gon

When He Planes o'r their rugged Motion :

Whose Power at life's exprest, when weight ascends,

And almost to the Crystill Skie extends :

*Psalm 107.*

And then again, when Nature on't dorth enter,

It is permitted for to wash the Center.

Then are such troubled as on it doe ride,

Rowling and Tottering from side to side,

Being drunk through fear and sorrow, nor can tell

How many Sands shall knowl their Passing-bell.

Thus in a Trance dismay'd, and quite bereft

Of sense, save of a little spark that's left

To kindle hopes, They to their Maker Cry,

Who straight releases them from Misery,

Sending a Calm; whereat the Liquid plain

Becomes to them a Looking-glass again :

So They in mind restor'd, have quick access

Unto the Haven of their Happiness.

(10)

*My Carroll.*

**A**Rise, arise

Dull Fancy from the bed of Earth,  
And that low strain  
Befors thy vain;  
That so thou mayst devise  
Some Record of that famous Birth,  
Which about This time, as our Date will have,  
One Son for All the rest the Father gave.

Leave to the Bee  
To set a Valuation  
On this, or that  
Fair Garden-plat,  
There t' Browfe some Flower or Tree:  
And to some Forraign Nation,  
To crown their Annals with the Pelican,  
Or far-fetcht Cordiall, Mirabolan.

Here's Comfort more;  
A gift that's far beyond all worth,  
The Curious mind  
Could ever find  
In what a Plant e'r bore,  
Or Barren wilderness brought forth:  
Sweetness exeels the Bee's-Bagg, and such Good  
As prov'd our Strong Restorative by's Blood.

*To overcome by Contraries.*

**I**N humane things 'tis held a Maxime wise,  
 To seek to Overcome by Contraries :  
 And in Diviner, if we will expresse  
 Obedience to God, it holds no less ;  
 For t'conquer Pride whereby we fell, no Art  
 Is comparable to a Contrite-Heart.

---

*To Improve Afflictions.*

**I**F *David* found it good He'd been in Trouble,  
 What would it teach Me am a sinfull Bubble;  
 But that th' Afflictions we meet with heer,  
 Are sent to Steer Us to our God more neer?  
 Who thus improves his thoughts on things goe crosse,  
 Without a Riddle, makes Great gains of Loss.

---

*They that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.*

**A**S in the Countrey-Parable it's found,  
 God's meant by Husbandman, and Man by ground,  
 His Word the pretious Seed, that doth excell  
 All other grain ; Our hearts the Arable :  
 So would't inform We should our soil prepare ,  
 To recompence so Great a Seedsmans care ;  
 And neither prick't with Pride, stupid like Stones,  
 Laid Common to all wicked Motions :  
 Be unprovided t'save, much less t'afford  
 Increase against the Harvest of the Lord :

Wherefore as Earth 'thout Culture fithence mans fall  
 Is of fruits barren, Thistles Prodigall :  
 So doe the dispositions and desires  
 Nature brings forth, abound with Thorns and Briers ;  
 Which to correct, the Masters strict Command  
 Is to break up again the Fallow-land:  
 And by Contritions Coulter and Plough-shares  
 To dress our Minds, furrow our Cheeks with teares  
 Of true Repentance. And those thus destroy  
 The *Weeds* of Sin, shall surely reap in Joy.

---

*Ascensus Gratiarum, Descensus Gratiarum.*

**I**F there be any Vertue left that can  
 Pull Blessings down, 'tis Gratitude in Man ;  
 And to be humbly thankfull, that alone  
 Makes Him true subject for Compassion.  
 All Other Graces as Assistants sit  
 Upon the Wool-sacks for to farther it ;  
 In representing how the Law concludes  
 On Gods Rich Bounties, Our ingratitude :  
 So thereupon Impeachment 's drawn to show  
 Delinquencies, and what He gives, we ow.  
 First then unless dejected Care possesse  
 The Heart and Soul for by-past wickedness,  
 And stir up Resolution to become  
 Henceforth more righteous, ev'n to Martyrdome :  
 In vain it is to hope, or yet surmize  
 The acceptation of such Sacrifice  
 From Him, whose all-discerning eye doth pierce  
 The very Center of the Universe,  
 And knows before we think : Let our thoughts flye  
 To overtake His Providentiall eye;

Then

Then we shall straight be conquered, and confess  
His Bounties, but our own Unworthiness.

And like the Eagle, first such flight begin  
From the low contemptible Vale of sin,  
Untill Confession and Amendment raise  
Our stretcht out Pinions to the clouds in praise.

And then when all is done that we are able,  
Still we must know, we're but Unprofitable.

### *Contemplatio Diurna.*

When we behold the Morning Dew  
Dissolve in rising Sun: What would it shew?

But that a Sun to us did rise,  
Our Fathers hoary sin to Atomise.

And when the Flowers display'd appear,  
To entertain the mounting Charetier:

What would they speak in that fair dress?  
But Man's redemption out of wretchedness.

For the shade-shortning Noon can tell  
The Proud, and such as with Ambition swell;

That whilst upon Opinions wing  
They seek to fore, they work their lessening.

And the Prognostick Western set,  
May Our Conditions rightly counterfeit;

For if we rise, shine, and set Cleer,  
The Day-Star from on high's our Comforter:

If Sin becloud us as we fall,  
Our next dayes rise will prove our Funerall:

*Et quid lachrymabilis?*

*Ubi desinit Medicus, incipit Theologus.*

---

Pharmaca ægrotantibus Optima.

*Corpore si tu ægrotas,  
Æsculapius vocetur:  
Anima sin sit, devotas  
Preces quisque Meditetur.*

---

Convictus facilis & maxime Nutriens.

*Nec quid comesurus cures,  
Paucis nam Natura gaudet:  
Verbum Dei si procures,  
Dapes (quisquis velit) laudet.*

---

Aer Optimus & ad Veram Valetudinem  
propius conducens.

*AEra dum Malignum queris  
Sis morbosus; nec sit mirum:  
Sancto sodale si frueris,  
Téque efficiet talem virum.*

---

Exercitium veram sanitatem comparans optime.

*Exercearis licet tota  
Nocte Dieq; Fata vocent:  
Sed si Deo facta Vota  
Sint sincera, Hac non nocent:  
Ad sanitatem potius veram  
Et æternam, Viam docent.*

---

Where the Physicians skill can doe no more,  
Divinity must best of health restore.



*Annus annulus, &c. Diminutione largimur.*

AS the Year, Serpent-like doth cast its Skin,  
 And's stript o'th' Old, when as the New comes in;  
 What would 'rinform, but that anew w'invest  
 Our selves in Christ, Old Adam's Rags detest?  
 And if a *Janus* Bifronted doth stand,  
 Looking at once to this and t'other hand,  
 What would He teach our Consciences, save this,  
 To see at one View whence Salvation is,  
 And whence our woe came; that for this we may  
 Our Tribute Tears, for that all-praises pay:

Now when the Season blossomes in its Spring,  
 And time puts on a party-colour'd wing;  
 Why should not our Souls, which before did lye  
 Defil'd through th'smutch of Sin, receive a dye  
 (Whereat the Rose may blush) from that same flood  
 (All Streams surpasses) of our Saviours Blood?  
 For if that Leprosie we fain would heal,  
 This is our *Jordan*, stain'd with Cutchinneal.  
 If from our first Sire we receiv'd a wound,  
 This is that Spikenard that can make us sound.

And as th'approaching Sun comes daily on  
 For to supplant the Winters Garison:  
 So should our frozen hearts be thaw'd, and Melt  
 When we to Mind call what our Jesus felt,  
 And we deserv'd; His Zodiack should bring  
 Us to the Tropick of our Summering  
 In those warm thoughts, till ripe in faith and hope,  
 Love like a Vale, cover Our Horiscope:  
 For what can we return for His, who rent  
 The Temples to free us from Punishment?

O let the Lustfull Clusters we behold  
 Betasseling Autumn, and those Ears of gold-  
 Resembling Corn, say to us, if we thirst  
 Or hunger: He who is both Last and First,  
 Did tread the Wine-press for us, and fulfill  
 What was to us due for our Parents ill;  
 That so we might be numbred 'mongst those guest  
 The Lamb-invited to his Mariage-Feast.  
 And though we once fell by what one Tree bore,  
 God by Anothers fruit did us restore.

Then whilst the Sharp'd-breath'd Winter seems to lay  
 Stripes on the bearing earth, and Blasts th'array  
 She late was deckt in, Spitting on her face  
 Its Feather'd-rain, (all embling the disgrace  
 For Us He felt, who would have known no shame,  
 Had we been Innocent and without Blame)  
 Doth't not discypher how a Lilly pure  
 Sprung up 'midst Thorns, Scourgings to endure:  
 And how They Spat upon a Face that Shin'd,  
 Which prov'd our Eye-salve, who before were blind?

---

*My Observation at Sea.*

**T**Hough every thing we see or hear may raise  
 The Makers Praise;  
 For without Lightning or Thunder,  
 His Works are all of wonder;  
 Yet amongst Those there's none  
 Like to the Ocean.

Where

Where (not a Catalogue to keep  
 Of severall Shapes inhabiting the Deep)  
 Let but our Thoughts confer  
 With what once Gravel'd the Philosopher:  
 And we must straight confesse  
 Amazement more, but apprehension less.

The Fire for heat and light  
 Most exquisit:  
 And the All-tempering Aire  
 Beyond Compare.  
 Earths Composition and Solidity,  
 Bountifull Mixed with Humidity.  
 But here for Profit and Content,  
 Each must give place to th' Liquid Element:

Whose Admirable Course, that Steers  
 Within Twelve Houres Mariners,  
 Outwards and Homewards bound:  
 May be Sufficient Ground  
 To raise Conclusion from thence  
 At once, of Mighty Power and Providence.

For as the *Cynthia* Queen  
 Her bounty less or more vouchsafes be seen:  
 So by her wain She brings  
 The Tides to Neaps, and by her Full to Springs:  
 Yet not but as He pleas  
 Who set Her there, chief Governesse of Seas:

Which understood  
 Truly by such would seek for Traffique good,  
 They must their Anchors waigh  
 Out of the Oozie dirt and Clay  
 Earths Contemplations yeild,  
 And hoyling Sayles, They'l straightway have them fill'd  
 With a fresh-Mackerell Gale, whose blast  
 May Port them in true happiness at Last.

There th'in a Bay of Blifs,  
 Where a Sweet Calm our welcom is:  
 Let us at length the Cables Veere  
 Fore and abaff, that may our Moorage cleere  
 From warp or winding, so ride, fixt upon  
 Our Hopes Sheat-Anchor of Salvation.

*Upon Moses put young to Sea, or bid in  
 an Ark of Bulrushes.*

Exod. 2.  
 2, 3.

**T**His son of *Amram*, soon as born did find  
*Pharaoh* a Tyrant, but the Midwives kind:  
 So being from that bloody Doom set free,  
 Becomes His Mothers Care and Huswifrie;  
 Who to His safety, that She might confer  
 More hopes, She makes him first a Mariner:  
 A good preface; whereby it was implide,  
 His People He through the Red-Sea should guide.

*In Mosen adhuc Infantem Amni commissum.*

Exod. 2.  
 3. 14.

**C**ur latitans Juncis Moses fit Nauticus Infans?  
 Ut ducat Populum per Vada Rubra suum.

*Decem*

*Decem Præcepta. Acrost. Kenist.*

- 1 **I**n *Egypto cum fuisses,*  
*respexit (Solus) ut Exisses.*
- 2 **E**rrantes in *Eremo plectit paucos,*  
*posteror ut reddas Cantos.*
- 3 **H**abeas *Nomen non in Vano*  
*ore, sed in Corde Sano.*
- 4 **O**pere, nec *sordeat Dies,*  
*in quâ iussa Sancta quies.*
- 5 **V**erus *Amor Paternalis*  
*docet in Parentes qualis.*
- 6 **A**rdens *Cura ignoscendi,*  
*tollat Rabiem Plectendi.*
- 7 **D**oceat *Castâ Vita normam*  
*qui & Vitam das & formam.*
- 8 **E**ripiendi *queis fruentur*  
*alii, nec sit Mens libenter.*
- 9 **V**era *Testimonia Testes*  
*reddant latos, falsa Mæstos.*
- 10 **S**is *Contentus tuâ sorte;*  
*Nec Iunetam cupias Portam Porta :*  
*Capias Vitam tunc pro Morte.*

IG. 5. 8.

---

*The Contempt of this World, raises  
the Others Esteem.*

**W**hen all the Vertue we can here put on,  
Is but refined Imperfection,  
Corruption Calcin'd : A Minerall vain;  
Where Clay (to be more priz'd) some Ore doth gain:  
Why

Why should we not employ the best of Care,  
 To learn wherein True Contentment is,  
 And how attain'd? The Jewellers command  
 O're Art, is how to Foyle the Diamond  
 As may add Lustre to it: So, who tries  
 Less to Esteem of This worlds Flatteries,  
 Sets higher Value on the Other, where  
 Perfection proves th'Eternall Jeweller.

### In Diem Natalem.

NE moriatur Homo, Sanctus de Virgine purâ,  
 Mirificusque hodie nascitur Ille Puer.  
 Ne Peregrinetur Factus Peregrinus & Idem est,  
 In Cunis Stabulum Glorificatque suis.  
 Ne pro Delictis Proavi plectatur, amara  
 Pocula fert, alio non patienda Modo.  
 Exul ut è Cælis Migrans terraq; Mariq;  
 Iactatus, tenebras Mortis, & Ima petit,  
 Nos ut surgamus Sancti, quoque Luce fruamur  
 Aterna, Astriferas incolit Ille Domus.

### In Eandem.

Christus	{	Vita	}	Venit:	{	Mors	}	Discedunt.
		Veritas				Mendacium		
		Via				Error		

Leta Dies Cunctis, Mors quâ calcanda recessit,  
 Nascitur in Domibus dummodo Vita suis: Beati  
 Plena Dies Lucis Verum quâ clarius existat,  
 Et Falsi Fuscum tollitur Omne Genus:  
 Fausta Dies in quâ Via sternitur Omnipotentis,  
 Error & aufertur, Clara, Beata Dies.

*To Kisse Gods Rod; occasioned upon  
a Childs Sicknes.*

What ever Gods Divine  
Decree

Awardeth unto Mine

Or Mee,

Though't may seem ill,

With patience

I am resolv'd to undergo,

Nor to His purpose once say no,

But Moderate both Mind and Will:

And Conquering th'Rebellions of Sense,

Place all content in true Obedience.

Thus I create it good

When His

Correction's understood,

Which is,

Not to destroy,

But to reclaim,

And t'cause me turn a new-leaf ore,

Count all an Error-writ before,

So find the sting of Flattering Joy:

Making the scope of all My future aim,

To Reverence and Glorifie His Name.

Thus when our God will frown, if we weigh it

In Judgments Scales, we mak't a Benefit.



*My Penthouse against the Storm of Grief,  
occasioned upon the Death of a dear Friend.*

O How the Blasts  
Temptation Casts  
Against my Naked Ston,  
Threaten Subversion;  
Sithence the Decree of late was Thine  
To take away My Sheltring Vine !

Well, let them blow,  
Break clouds and rain,  
Their Gusts and Show'rs in vain;  
For Confident I am,  
My Gracious God upholds the Frame,  
Whilst I the Olive Sprouts see grow.

Thus to my Hart  
I may impart  
Th'assurance of a Peace,  
Wherein such Trials cease  
If Patience-born, that Fear is good  
When it withstands ill, not of ill withstood.

*Man Levens the Batch.*

GOD makes all things for good ; 'tis Man  
Sowers and worsts Creation:  
Who Leven'd by his Father, thence  
Becomes all Disobedience ;

No thought, no word, no action He  
 Contrives, can own Integrity  
 To Him that made Him, for by Deeds  
 As Words and Heart, his growth's in weeds,  
 Which whilst neglected doe expresse  
 Gods Grace, but Man's unfruitfulness:  
 Now if again man would bear Corn,  
 He must himself a Weeder turn.

*The Attributes of true Love.*

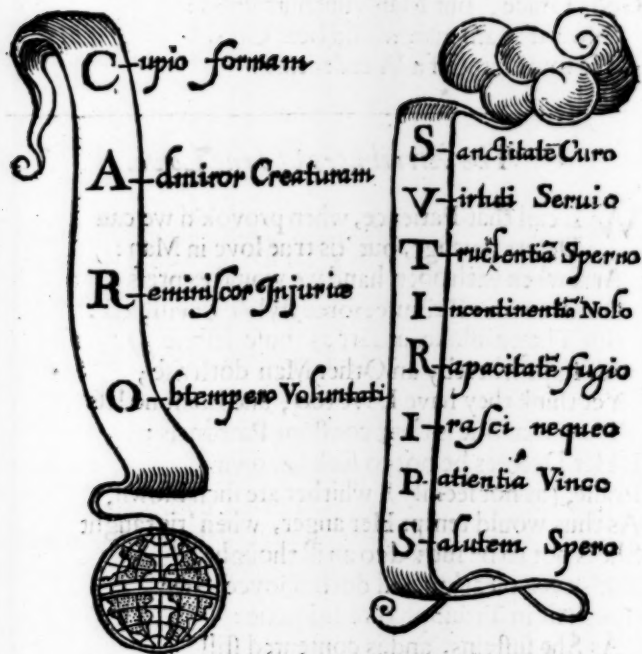
WE call that Patience, when provok'd we can  
 Deserr revenge, but 'tis true love in Man:  
 And when with open hand we would expresse  
 Our Bounties Tribute, some stile't Lavishness:  
 But They mistake, as farr as those despise  
 All steps whereby an Other Man doth rise;  
 Yet think they have Love too, and boast no less  
 Than that She is their constant Patroness:

If Her Decrees be not to seek her own  
 Praise, (as not seemly) whither are such blown,  
 As thus would tempt Her anger, when 'tis taught  
 She is not to be mov'd to an ill thought,  
 But's ever pleas'd, and doth rejoyce to see  
 Truth sit in Triumph o're Iniquitie:

As She sustains, and is contented still  
 With what wind blows, so doe her hopes sails fill,  
 When from the windows of Belief doth breath  
 A steady Gale, t'advance her course beneath:  
 Till by the Saints transplanted, and above,  
 She's Moor'd within that Port, and call'd True Love!

*Contraria juxta se posita*

Gal. 5. 19. to 23.



Like Night to Day, or foyles that Raiſe  
 The Luſtre of the Diamonds praife:  
 Such, and no other Vertue Lies  
 Hid in th'approach of Contraries

*Love begets Fear.*

**T**Was of Thy Goodness (Lord) at first I had  
 Knowledge of what was Good, and what was bad :  
 Yet through the Ill of Nature become blinde,  
 I followed Sin, and left thy Fear behind :  
 By which I forfeited a Blessing, till  
 Thou of thy Mercy, free and Gracious will  
 Sign'ft me a Pardon in that style, Repent,  
 That so I might avoid all Punishment.  
 Thus then rows'd up and wak'ned, I began  
 Thy Judgments, Blessings, Love, and Fear to skan :  
 And in a Scoale when I them all had waigh'd,  
 Methought I lov'd Thee still, still was afraid.

---

*My Invocation.*

**G**reat, and Good God, of Justice, Love ;  
 As That to Fear, so grant This move  
 My Trembling Heart, till It retain  
 Some Sparks of hear and life again ;  
 Sithence My Creation-Fuell's don  
 Lighten again the Turf by thine own Son.

Small hopes of This, unless I may  
 In awe to That, finde a decay  
 Of such Lewd Thoughts, Words, Acts, did bring  
 My whole Man to a wintering  
 In Lust, and Sin, and growth of Grace,  
 T'assure a fruitfull Spring-ride in the place.

How's that attain'd? By heat, not cold,  
 'Tis that the Bounteous Marygold  
 Displays its Treasure; and kinde Showers  
 (Not Frosts) befriend both fruit and Flowers:  
 Thaw then my Breast till't open Zeal,  
 And let my Eyes those sighs reveal  
 In rain, that my Affections may subdue,  
 So from my Old Congeal'd Clot raise thoughts new.

---

*Misericordia Dei splendidissima.*

**G**ODS Mercy shines 'bove all His works, as farr  
 As doth the Cyprian-Queen out-light a Starr:

---

*To Man. Epig.*

**H**ARD-Hearted Man! what canst thou say,  
 That Thou thy self hast turn'd to Brick thy Clay:  
 But that Thy Hopes are built upon  
 His Promise once sent Fountains out of Ston:  
 Wherefore to Sacrifice to Gods desire,  
 Mans Heart must be the Altar, Sighs the fire.

*Psalm 51.*  
 17.

---

*My Pool of Bethesda, or the Effusion of Christs  
 Merits to heal our Miseries.*

**W**Hen Children would goe, or Cripples stand,  
 Crutches and Stools are fram'd for Arm and Hand  
 To rest upon, lest such attempting shall  
 Without like Props occasion them to fall.

What.

What are the Sons of *Adam* ? if we try,  
 Condemn'd to *Lameness* and to *Infancy*  
 Through *Sin*, and so disabled to *Pace*  
 The Paths of *Vertue*, tread the Steps of *Grace* ;  
 Till God of's *Mercy* pleased to Confer  
 A standing stool, as if from th' *Carpenter*,  
 Though He himself was *Artist*, and did frame  
 This Remedy for Those were *Weak and Lame* :  
 So that without a farther *Inquisition*,  
 We All were, and are such, *Christ's* the *Physition*.

---

*The Five Porches to Bethesda.*

**M**An is *Bethesda*, and's five Senses be  
 Porches unto that Great *Infermery*,  
 Where *Divers Cures* are sought for ; yet not one  
 Attain'd but through an *Angels Motion*,  
 Grace powred on the *Heart* ; which who so can  
 Improve, becommeth straight a perfect *Man* :  
 But Those who *Opportunity* neglect,  
 Must not an other *Saving help* expect.  
 For as the *Cripple* *Thirty eight* years lay,  
 And had done more, had not *Christ* come ith' way :  
 So whilst these powr'd out waters we would try,  
 Others step in, *Prophane* their *Sanctity*.  
 Lusts both our *Ears*, and *Eyes*, and *Palates charm* :  
 Through *Nostrils* and by *Fingers* we doe harm,  
 And 'cause all over *Leprous* and defil'd,  
 We'd fain be cleans'd, to health be reconcil'd,  
 Yet cannot get so soon into this *Tide*,  
 Afford us of that *Jordan* from *Thy* side.

## Soliloquium.

ANima, quid tam tristaris?  
 Oculè, quid Lachrymaris?  
 Cur in Pectore singultus?  
 Cur Marore madet vultus?  
 Quis fit, gemitu plangescis  
 Cor, ut si integrum non esses?  
 Cum, quo hic fruamur toto  
 Nostro non in Dei voto.  
 Ejus est suffragii, sortem  
 Dare, Vitam dare & Mortem.  
 Mortis certitudo, brevem  
 Vitæ Curam reddit levem:  
 Et post Mortem, sit levamen  
 Quod Vivetur semper tamen:  
 Nec mensurâ quâvis, hora  
 Vespertina, vel Aurora  
 Metitur: aternâ Luce  
 Sed (hæc dicta Dies) duce:  
 In quâ, cum gaudeat omnis Sanctus,  
 Luctus sistat, sileat planctus:  
 Pœnam (hic) quâ laboramus  
 Somno Mortis nam mutamus:  
 Et quid mali hora dedit,  
 Gaudio Sempiterno cedit.  
 Qui sic mutant, invidendos  
 Sentio solos: non deslendos.

è contra

Pectora Peccatis data,  
 Cor corruptum, Ora lata,  
 Animam infectam Malis,  
 Nox dum sequitur fatalis,  
 Lugeat, doleat Omnis Tales.



*A Carroll.*

(IF nothing else) may not this season move,  
 Or Time become true Chronicle of love :  
 And so allay the Fury, stint the Rage  
 Or madness dorth predominize this age :  
 When for to Ransome Man, whose least Offence  
 Was character'd in Disobedience,  
 He who knew no Sin came, that, to fulfill  
 The Mercy Statute of His Fathers will :  
 Thus He forgave, and gave, to let us know  
 What to our Very Enemies we ow,  
 By His Example ; and decrees this fate  
 To the Posterity unfortunate  
 Of too-beleiving *Adam*, That They must  
 Give themselves over to no other Trust  
 Than what His Word assures, nor to make less  
 That first of Sins, Create them numberless,  
 In Envie, Malice, and Ambition,  
 But joyn to Charity Contrition  
 For by-past faults, and resolutions raise  
 To spend the future in our Makers praise :  
 Obey Him first, then Those His Glorious Powers  
 Shall substitute for our Superiours :  
 And with our own Condition whatsome're  
 Content, enjoy a full Harmonious Sphere ;  
 Leaving no Orb for Discords fond increase,  
 Sithence He that's born for us was Prince of Peace..

A *Quid Retribuam.*

**P**OOR fin-bound-naked-creature Man, ne're knows  
 What to return for that His God bestows;  
 But as Prosperities increase, goes less  
 I'th' retribution of Thankfulness :  
 His eyes not open but with Clay made dim,  
 Renders that Miracle, not wrought on Him,  
 Remains so stupid, but where Faith's declin'd  
 Int' unbeleef, such are for ever blind :  
 Now that I may like Judgment still prevent,  
 By entertaining True-Souls-Nutrimment,  
 Not Poyson : let Example spur me on  
 To take the Cup fill'd with Salvation ;  
 And t'praise his holy Name that did prepare  
 Such Cates for those heavie and Laden are,  
 Sins Dromidaries swift by Nature led  
 To run to Evil, here unburthened  
 By One who bore both Crosse and shame, to free  
 The Pliant branch of *Eves* posterity :  
 (So have I tender Saplings seen unbroke,  
 When Tempests have o'r-turn'd the sturdier Oak :)  
 And if in Sacrifice we'd passe degrees,  
 The best for acceptance's from the knees,  
 Outward and inwardly exprest ; whereby  
 To notifie unfeign'd Humility ;  
 For such deny to shew repentance thus,  
 Surely forget Christ came from Heaven to us :  
 And those of that short memory may know  
 Their Portion's here ; They shall not to Him go,  
 Who's Riches, Rayment, Food, and all Relief  
 To them Contemn this World, make Him their Chief.

EVCHA-

# E V C H A R I S T I A

-dam -elestem -omo -nims -cti -ejmens -imulantes -albus -neg -maritima

Though All must truly say, They've done amiss,  
 Yet there Goes more than Ord'nary to This;  
 For He that would not make the banquet sower,  
 Must form His Relish to his SAVIOUR.

---

*A Pelican feeding her young with blood out of her  
 own Brest, a type of our Saviour.*

C<sup>-tuores</sup>  
 L<sup>-atus</sup> I<sup>-ndulgetq;</sup> A<sup>-lesant</sup>  
 E<sup>-ximos</sup> N<sup>-ati</sup> V<sup>-ulneribusq;</sup>  
 P<sup>-orrigit</sup> S<sup>-us.</sup>

Behold Here from the PELICANS Brest sprung  
 A stream of precious blood to feed her young.

*In Sanctam Cœnam Domini, Epig.*

WASH and be clean; Eat, Drink this, and 't will save:  
 So easie is the suit our Lord doth crave:  
 Yet with the healed Creeple, back He'll call thee,  
 And bid Thee, Sinn no more, lest worfe befall thee.

---

*A Dedication of my first Son.*

**I**S it not fit the Mould and Frame  
 Of Man, should dedicate the same  
 To God, who first Created it: and t' give  
 To Him the first fruit of that Span we live?

In the worlds Infancy could *Hannah* tell,  
 Shee ought to Offer her sonn *Samuel*  
 To Him that made him, and refine  
 That Sacrifice with Flowre and Wine?

Was *Abrams* long expected seed  
 From *Sarah's* womb condemn'd to bleed?  
 And shall the times now they grow Old, conclude  
 In faithlesnes, and in ingratitude?

Let shame awake us, and where blessings fall,  
 Let every one become a Prodigall  
 In paying vows of thanks, and bring  
 The first, and best for Offering.

Where

Where am I then ; whom God hath deign'd to bless  
 With hopes of a succeeding happiness  
 Unto My house? Why is't I stand  
 At th' Altar with an Empty hand ?

Have I no Herds, no Flocks, no Oyl,  
 No Incense-bearing-*Shebah*-soyl ?  
 Is not My Grainary stor'd with Flowre that's fine?  
 Are not my Strutted Vessels full of Wine ?

What Temporall Blessing's wanting to suffice  
 And furnish out a lively Sacrifice,  
 Save onely this, to make a Free-  
 Will-offering of an Infancy ?

Which if I should not doe, that pil'd-  
 Up wood, whereon lay *Sarah*'s childe ;  
 The Temple would accuse me, where the son  
 Of *Elk'na* first had Dedication.

Wherefore accept, I pray thee, this  
 Thou'lt given, and my first Sonn is:  
 Let him be Thine, and from his Cradleling,  
 Begin his services first reckoning.

Grant, with his Dayes, thy Grace increase, and fill  
 His Heart, nor leave there room to harbour ill:  
 That in the Progreſs of His years  
 He may expreſs whose badg He wears.

*In Quadragesimam.*

WHEN all the Dayes w<sup>e</sup> have borrowed are mis-spent,  
 Had we not need to beg more time were Lent;  
 And not to suffer This too, to be gon,  
 Because abus'd through superstition?  
 A knife to cut with's good, but if to kill  
 It be abus'd, why then we deem it ill.  
 All things are made for use; Abuses came  
 But as Usurpers to deprave the same:  
 And in some kinde or other all we do,  
 Speak, think, or have, those have their morals too.  
 Our Pampred Bodies oft such thoughts put on,  
 That they become like to proud *Iessuron*:  
 And when our minds from full Cups are exprest,  
 They're like to *Baltasazar's* at His Feast:  
 Our Actions too, laden with Temporall good,  
 Cannot permit t<sup>e</sup> aspire at Spirituall food;  
 But over-fed, we surfet, and becom  
 Like to the Beast in all things, save being dumb:  
 Tongue-tide we are not, when we would expresse  
 Our Enmity, from th' root of Bitterness:  
 Nor yet uncharitable, unless in this,  
 To judge that those who hunger doe amiss,  
 And such as thirst too, whilst our Cups run o're,  
 And Bellies are made Magazines of store.  
 It should be otherwayes, if we would shun  
 The heavie doom of sad Temptation;  
 And as the Meat and Drink of Faith, prepare  
 A Holy-Fasting-sanctifying Prayer,  
 Cook'd from our Corner'd hearts, and not the streets,  
 A Sacrifice Incens't with Love for sweets.  
 And thus performing what is Lent aright,  
 We'l fear no Schismatick, nor Anchorite.

*A Hymm occasioned upon going to receive the  
blessed Sacrament when it was a snow.*

**I**Nvited now to Sup with Thee my Lord,  
All that I am is at a Period  
How to be fitly drest,  
And so t'become a worthy Guest;  
For 'tis prepar'd alone  
For such as have the Wedding garment on,  
Which through Guilt I want,  
And all my Substance t'buy one is too scant.

Make Me a Purse then, from His Sacred Score,  
Whose institution 'twas, and will doe more  
For Those beleeve His name,  
That to redeem us Sinners came  
Into the World, and shed  
His precious blood, which might stand all in stead;  
By a quick Faith apply  
The Sovereign Balsome of His Agony.

For like the Man met Theeves, we all were left  
Naked and Wounded, Spectacles of Theft  
And Rapine too, wherein  
We weltring lay, a prey to Sin;  
Till th'true *Samaritan*  
Passing this way, Redemption began,  
Not sparing Wine, nor Oyle  
Out of His Hands, and Feet, and Side the while.

Thus now upon Recovery agen,  
 Bound up in His Grave-cloaths, brought to our Inn,  
 And Earnest left, to prove  
 His high Compassion and Love :  
 What care should be t'express  
 In all our future Actions thankfulness ?  
 Which no way's better spent  
 Than in partaking right this Sacrament:

Which, without Cleanfed hearts, and mindes that Can  
 Turn a new leaf with the Centurian,  
 More of a Christian show,  
 Made white as is this day with Snow ;  
 And like the Prophets sure  
 Purged with Hysope from what doth pollute,  
 We cannot hope to do ;  
 Nor that, 'less prompted by thy Grace thereto.

Whereto (I pray Thee) so much mercy add,  
 That I may have some Balm from *Gilead*  
 To heal my Leprous Sore,  
 Whilst humbled for my Sins before,  
 My future dayes may be  
 The Inventory of more Piety;  
 My forehead bear thy stamp

*Rev.* 7. 3. As servant, having Oyl still in my Lamp.

*Mat.* 25. 4.

---

*A Reveille Mattin, or Good morrow to a friend.*

**A**S the Black Curtain of the Night  
 Is open drawn  
 By the Gray-fingred Dawn,  
 To let our light,

And



(37)

And bid good Morrow to the Teeming Day:  
So let all Darkned thoughts Through Sin,  
Call in  
Their Powers, that led them in a blind-fold way:  
And Rowl'd up from security,  
Bring better fruits unto Maturity.

For now the Fragrant East  
The Spicery o'th' World,  
Hath hurl'd  
A rosie Tincture o'r the Phoenix nest;  
And from the last Dayes Urn  
An Other springs,  
And brings  
With it a Charettier too in its turn:  
So then by this new fire  
Be Goodness Hatcht, all wickedness expire.

Then as This Prince of Heat doth rise,  
In Power, and in Might seem stronger,  
Proclaiming that 'tis Night no longer,  
By vanquishing the Witchcrafts of the Skies,  
The Spelly-vaprous Mists:  
So let th'enlightned Soul  
Controul

Our Actions, that no farther they persist  
To follow sense, whereby t'invite  
Ruine, the sawce t' unruly Appetite.

Thus now it's cleere,  
Out of all Question,  
The world's unmask'd, and all of Vailing gon.  
*Phabus* Triumphant o'r our Hemisphere:

Let

Let us not therefore in disguise  
 Seek, or Bravado,  
 To shadow as if under Maskerado  
 : So many faults and Villanies,  
 Knowing that He who made the Light,  
 Cannot Himself be destitute of sight.

But though His Providence  
 Did this beget,  
 That Suns that rise should set,  
 And in appearance vanish hence:  
 Yet doth He claim for th'interest  
 Of Day-lights blifs,  
 We slumber not amifs;  
 When as our Light is borrowed by the West:  
 But the Choice Cabbinet of minde adorn  
 With Contemplations may besit next Morn.

---

*Trium Gratiarum maxima Charitas.*

WHEN all Perfections prove  
 But like some sound  
 Of Brass,  
 Wherein no certain Note is found,  
 Without Harmonious Love;  
 What do we see then more, than through a Glasse?

We may with Eloquence  
 Beguild our Speech,  
 And then  
 Offer at more than we can reach,  
 And bring an Influence  
 Of Works to raise us: yet are we but Men.

For

(39)

For if provok'd we be,  
We'll not forgive;  
And so

Forget the wrong we did receive,  
Though it be Love's decree;  
Untill we can work our revenge in wo.

The Churle, whose sparing skill  
Denies to feed  
The Poor,  
And such as stand in greatest need;  
Yet thinks he doth no ill,  
Whilst He walks double on his Ivory floor.

An Other, Envie-swoln,  
When once 't was heard  
By chance,  
That such a one was new prefer'd,  
Cries, What are honors stoln!  
Yet by the same tract strives Himself t'advance.

This Mushrum may appear,  
When first the Sun  
Doth rise;  
But when His Hemisphere is run,  
And that the Ev'n draws near,  
It shuts up all its treasure, and so dies.

Unless reviv'd again  
By Loves sweet Charm,  
O'r which  
No Night or Vapour can do harm;  
For neither Pride, Wit, Gain,  
Can make us truly Live, or truly Rich.

F

But

But if Affection  
 To Truth prevaile,  
 And say,  
 No Suffering shall turn the Scale,  
 Nor yet promotion:  
 This Night will turn into eternall Day.

---

Matth. 13.

*El Sembrador, or, the Sower.*

**A**LL are Solicitous, who grounds possesse,  
 To know  
 Both when and how to sow,  
 That promise may to them the Most increase.  
 And by the severall Seasons, Change, or Wain,  
 Full, or  
 Increase, to stir them for  
 What might be properest of every grain.  
 Nor do they search so deep as for a Mine  
 Of Gold;  
 Yet what's the fittest mold  
 For every seed, can readily define.  
 And doth not great neglect and sloath appear  
 In these,  
 Whom Barley, Wheat, Rie, Pease,  
 Affect alone in being cheap or dear:  
 Whilst that the Fallows of their hearts, untill'd,  
 No more  
 Can promise than before,  
 To be with Cockle-thoughts and Darnell fill'd.

For

For when the Bells do seem all In to Chime,

They'll say

This is some Holyday;

So never frame a work unto the time.

All that they pray, or hear, or read, or do,

Shall be

Choak'd with the Brierie

Cares of this world, which they are Slaves unto.

Before the Reverend Preacher can divide

His Text,

Some one soon tels't the next,

Yet's robb'd of it; For 't falls by th' high-ways side.

An Other gets a Point by th' end, and may

Go on

Till Persecution

Declare him *Niobe*: then he must stay.

As when a Soil's prepar'd with art and Care,

The Hinde

Such Crops doth alwayes finde,

As to's endeavours answerable are.

So let our Hearts be throughly wed of Sin,

And then

They'll prove good ground agen,

And bring us more than thousand profits in.

(42)

*Necesse, est Ut*

Temporum Vitia                      Careant Dei amicitia  
Absque vera tristitia.

Terminus

à quo

per quem

ad quem

Rom.	{	Gula	{	Joel 2.	{	Jejunium	{	Luk.	{	Abundantia
13.13		Scortum		12.		Luctus		1.53.		Gaudium
		Ebrietas				Mæstitia				Latitia.

Opera

Tenebrarum	{	{	Fugienda
Pœnitentia			Amplectenda
Misericordia			Acquirenda.

Sic fiet; Ut

* Mundities.	Dentium * Candor	{	cedat	{	Copia & ubertati
	Armorum Clangor				Paci & tranquillitati
	Pestilentia ardor				Sanitati & temperiei.

Quod fac sit Dominus huic Mundi angulo Angliæ.

A M E N.

*A Carroll.*

**W**Hat though't be Cold, and Freeze,  
 Let no good Christian leese  
 So much of heat and Zeal,  
 As not for to Remember  
 That blest day of *December* :  
 And what to Shepheards Angels did reveal,  
 Which doth of right Claim lay  
 To All that ever Man can write or say.

A Saviour's born for Us,  
 What News more precious ?  
 Wer't but some Neighbours Son,  
 The Bells would straightwayes ring---  
 In Cakes for Gossiping ;  
 So soon the Tydings o'r the Town would run,  
 And many a light brain toft  
 Amongst the Goodwives, where to place their Cost.

And shall my frozen heart  
 Not thaw, and bear its part  
 In Jollitie for this :  
 Whereby not I alone,  
 But each beleeving one  
 May promise to Himself eternall blifs ?  
 For such can ne'r be Cold,  
 Who have this Birth-day in their hearts enrol'd.

But may be said to burn,  
 Till some thanks they return,  
 Which though far short they reach,  
 The comfort is most sure,

It

'T hath healing wings to Cure  
 Not for reward, but to make up the breach,  
 Which so repair'd 't is we  
 Must make it good 'gainst Satans Batteric;

Whereto belongs this Care  
 In Chief and Singular,  
 That stricter guards we keep,  
 Because both night and day  
 Th' Artillery doth play,  
 Nor doth our Adversary ever sleep:  
 Then we shall shew hereby  
 Christs Favour hath not slipt our memory.

---

*Upon the birth of a Childe.*

WHEN I (O Lord) Thy Mercies scan;  
 Stooping unto the Publican,  
 Who stood afar off, and didst daign  
 To give, that He might ask again:  
 (For not the Outward-beaten-brest,  
 Nor down-cast-look could make Him blest;  
 But 'twas thine own Power did controul  
 His former Vice, stamp New His soul.)  
 Methinks I am so far set free  
 From all Sins bonds and Tyrannie,  
 As that rais'd up in hopes; no More  
 I need *Zacheus* Sycamore:  
 But (though a Dwarf in Grace) conclude  
 I see Christ 'bove the Multitude  
 Calling me down; as if to say,  
 He meant to be my Guest to day;  
 And (though a Sinner) crown My wish,  
 Bringing an Olive-branch for's Dish.

*This*



*This is a true saying, That Christ came, &c. Tim. 1. 1, 15.*

**B**E a thing true or false, our Nature lies  
 Always so prone to Novelties,  
 That we are caught: and what is done or said,  
 Tickle, till we have uttered,  
 Yet are asleep whilst this *True saying's* come,  
 (Or else with *Zachary* struck dumbe  
 Through incredulity) although 't express  
 Is it the height of our unworthiness:  
 And this the Scope, That He was 'nointed King  
 Although he govern'd every thing,  
 Contented was of's footstool r' make a throne  
 Where He might work Salvation,  
 And so is a true *Jesus*; nor doth thus  
 Become unto the Righteous,  
 But to Those likewise who through sins decree  
 Condemned were to Miseric,  
 Amongst whom the Apostle, whilst he'averrs  
 Himself as chief, so little errs:  
 What should we Judge our selves to be, whose all  
 Of Life is but *Apocryphall*,  
 Less than the least of Mercies: yet again  
 When in our ills we not remain,  
 Goodness shall cause that Scepter to distill  
 All saving Grace into the will;  
 So that repair'd by this, forgiv'n by that,  
 We may thus far be Consolat,  
 That Princely Clemency, and wonted love,  
 May both the Crime and guilt remove:  
 Then though the chiefest of the Chief we bee,  
 If we repent, this Verse may set us free.

*Luk. 1. 20.*

*Mat. 9. 13.*

*Mark 2. 17.*

*My Looking-Glass.*

**F**Oe to Ill-faces for thy truth, be free  
 And Shadow back my Souls Deformitie,  
 Thou'lt please me better far, than that which can  
 Return a Raven White, or black a Swan :  
 For if thou shouldst like to thy self, rubb'd ore,  
 Give All for Moteles that comes Thee before,  
 I might suspect, (that justly) whilst thou'rt set  
 To me 'n Diameter for Counterfeit,  
 So horrid black my Conscience doth present  
 My Guilt-complexions Night Firmament,  
 Not Tincel'd with one Star of Grace, or Spark  
 Of Goodness, but Sin-clouded o'r and Dark.  
 How shall I then presume to Claim a right  
 In any Dawn of Mercy and of light ?  
 Unless My Faith give credit for the Loan ;  
 And so Gods Son lend from th'Reflection  
 Of His Bright Merits, so much power to say,  
 My Pardon's seal'd, and Night is turn'd to Day :  
 And then, and not before, I may seem drest ,  
 When His Great Favour, my Great Sin's confest.

*Sham'd by the Creature.*

**T**He Thankfull Soil Manur'd and Winter Drest,  
 Returns the Hinde an Autumn interest  
 For all His care and Labour : nor denies  
 To be uncloth'd, to deck his Grainaries :  
 So doth the Youthfull Vine those Prunings own,  
 When as her Blossomes are to Clusters grown ;

Nor

Nor (to shew thanks) doth spare her blood to spill,  
That so the Planters Vessels She may fill.

This Vegetable Lecture may indeed  
Cast a Blush o'r me, whose return for seed  
So far fals short, as not for every one  
To bring an Ear ; but for a whole Season none,  
No not that Corn again was left in trust,  
And Harrowed up under My barren Dust :

But pregnant Nature doth so rule and raign,  
That with wilde Oats She Choaks the better Grain ;  
And where My Gratefull Heart should dye my Press,  
It's all Besmeared with unthankfulness.

Nor can a Thought, a Word, or Act proceed  
Out of My Clay, that turns not straight to Weed :  
And for My Fruits, ere Ripeness is begun,  
Abortive-like, They wither in the Sun  
Of Self-Conceit : Lord prune once more this Vine,  
And Plow this Ground, lest the Figtree's doorn be Mine. *Luk. 13. 7.*

*To Man, on his frail Condition.*

What permanence to Earth or Clay is due,  
Fond Man consider, for that Emblems you :  
This Day brings humane flesh under Death's yoke,  
And yesterday I saw a Pitcher broke.  
Our Forms are different, Substances the same:  
The subtil Artist doth both Vessels frame  
For Honor and the Contrary ; and thus  
Our great Creator moulds and fashions us.  
If we would then our Makers praise set forth,  
We should take Care to become Those of worth.

*Hodie vidi,  
heri vidi, &c.*

*The Fallacy of the outward Man.*

**A**Re we awake, or doe our Eyes  
 Onely with th' Glowworm sympathise,  
 To light the Pismire to his bed,  
 When it through toil and labour's wearied?

Doth not the Bank of Moss appear  
 Crispt up in Moon-shine far more clear;  
 When *Argus*-ey'd with many a Mite,  
 It waits upon the Goddess of the Night?

Have not the wanton Fairie-Elves  
 Their Torch-bearers, Light as themselves,  
 That with our Fancies sport and play,  
 Untill they lead us quite out of the way?

Cannot a Spangle, Pin, or Bead,  
 By Candle-light, int' Error lead;  
 And representing Treasure, claime  
 A stooping to the Mat or Bord for th' same?

'Tis from no other, but from hence  
 That whilst alone with th' outward sence  
 We doe behold, and not with th' Minde,  
 We are asleep, or we are blinde.

Awake and See: Let Sin no more  
 Lock up the Window and the Dore  
 To thy fair apprehension (Soul),  
 But let its own allurements give Controul:

Let this false treasure, vapour, spark  
Of candid dew, shine in the Dark,  
And the Bejewel'd worm Eschew  
The morn, lest that her Diamonds prove untrue.

But Let Thy Lustre Foyl-less be,  
And so present the Day to thee :  
Let Sparks of Grace, and Truths light steer  
Thee to Contemplate Thy Lord Treasurer.

Who not on Bords or Mats did lie ,  
But did Install Humility :  
Whilst in the Chambers of the Inn  
One spies a Bead, an Other sees a Pinn.

He is that Light which doth convey  
All wise men to th'eternall Day,  
Whilst Fools by false Illusions fire,  
As in the Dark slip into Dirt and Mire.

'Twas He alone ; whose wounded side  
And Hands and Feet are glorified ;  
Whilst Porentates with Jewels hung,  
But Barren Moss-banks are, and filthy dung.

No sweat, no Travail, grief nor Pain,  
Did His Love Shun, to win again  
Thee that wer't Lost : His Mercies Shon  
Far above th' Glance of Truest Diamon'.

Wherefore if Thou mak'st use of this  
Worms Love to Raise thy thoughts to His ;  
If with Industrious Care Thou bring  
Home to thy self His suffering ;

If by reflection thou return,  
 Sighings unfeign'd, for sighes, and burn  
 In Zeal: no Falsifi'd delight  
 Can e'r deprive thee of thy sight.  
 But with the eye of Faith thou Maist behold  
 A Crown Immortall priz'd 'bove purest Gold.

---

*Upon the Times.*

**A** Wake thou best of fence,  
 Intelligence,  
 And let no Fancy-vapour steer  
 Thy Contemplation r' think that peace is neer,  
 Whilst war in words we doe bemone,  
 There's nothing less left in Intention.

*England* that was, not Is,  
 Unless in Metamorphosis,  
 Chang'd from the Bower of blifs and rest,  
 To become now *Bellona's* Interest,  
 In danger of a Funerall Pile,  
 Unless some happy Swift means reconcile.

Which how to bring to pass,  
 Beyond Mans hopes, alas,  
 Therefore be pleas'd (Thou) who didst make  
 Atonement for His sake,  
 To silence this unnaturall spell,  
 As Thou didst once the Delphian Oracle.

*My Reformation.*

If all the Span  
 Of Dayes  
 Lent here to Man  
 To Pilgrim in,  
 And in Times Kalendar enrol'd,  
 God should but Skan,  
 What might He finde for weight and Measure,  
 But Pounds and Pecks of this and t'other evil;  
 No one markt to His Praise,  
 But spent or sold  
 For Profit, or in Pleasure:  
 By whole-sale  
 Unto Sin;  
 And by Retaile  
 Unto the Flesh, the World, the Devil.

If the Immense  
 Goodness  
 Did not dispense  
 Its power upon  
 Our frailties, that like Clay or Glas  
 Makes no defence  
 'Gainst Potters, or the Glasiers skill:  
 What could we promise to withstand such loss,  
 Our Miseries redress,  
 Unless (alass!)  
 His Son He let them kill:  
 So Himself t' pay  
 That by One,  
 Which on all lay;  
 And t'expiate, through grief and cross.

Here am I lost,  
 So small,  
 Yet so much cost,  
 Wherein the debt  
 Would wel-nigh drive into despair,  
 Had not the Most  
 Of me been dress, and so unfit  
 To take the stamp of any Grace or Good;  
 Untill he that made all,  
 Did to repair  
 My Crackt estate; and knit  
 By His pain;  
 Wherein met  
 To set again  
 That Breach for Balm, His precious Blood.

Captives ye know  
 Are led  
 Into much woe  
 And Sufferance,  
 Untill by Ransome they get free  
 Again; and so  
 No more are bound, but to those wayes:  
 Where lies my bond and Obligation then?  
 To Sin was Cancelled,  
 But still with Thee  
 My Saviour, whose Bayes,  
 O'r Death's sting,  
 Hell, and Chance,  
 A Conquest bring  
 To set me at full Liberty again.



Not what I will  
     To speak,  
 Or doe My fill,  
     As Appetite,  
 Not Reasons Fescue shall direct;  
     But with that Skill,  
 Thy Gracious Mercies shall infuse  
 To make me truly sensible of those;  
     Whilst I the Fetters break,  
     And so detect  
 That which did me abuse,  
     My Young years,  
     Which were light,  
     Too void of fears,  
 That so I might the rest for Thee compose.

---

*My Close-Committee.*

**H**ow busied's Man  
     To seek and finde  
 An Accusation  
     Against all those  
 He deems his Bodies good, or Goods oppose!  
 And winks at such as Hazard Soul and Minde.  
  
 Nothing of late  
     Is done or spoke,  
 But either King or State  
     Concerned are;  
 The while Each 'gainst his Neighbour wages War,  
 So're all the bonds of love and friendship broke.

And

And how Comes this,  
 But that we do  
 Or utter what's amiss  
 In every thing;  
 Making Each Fancy Lord, each Will a King,  
 And all that Checks not Reason, Treason too?

Were't not more wise,  
 To lay about  
 Which way for to surprize  
 That Traitious band  
 Of Sins, that in our Bosomes bear command;  
 And entertaining Grace, t' cause those March out?

Our Lust, our Pride,  
 Ambition,  
 Or whatsome'r beside,  
 Seems to give way  
 To that unjust Militia and Array,  
 Bring we t' our Close-committees inquisition:  
 Thus when our hearts these for Malignants brand,  
 Commit them not, but banish them Thy Land.

*Humiliation without Reformation, a foundation  
 without a Building; Reformation without Humili-  
 ation, a Building without a foundation.*

**B**est Architects whether in Brick or Ston,  
 Cast first to lay a sure Foundation,  
 Then raise the Febrick; Confident hereby  
 T' assign't a term of perpetuity:

Whilst

While Lesser Artists failing of that Care  
And skill, erect them Castles in the Aire,  
An Element unconstant, which betrayes  
To Ruine whatsoever there those raise.

Such, and no Other are They, so profess  
To add by Reformation, happiness ;  
Yet want the Basis for to build upon  
To make it last, Humiliation ;  
When others seemingly cast on the flore,  
Yet are reform'd no better than before :  
So here Foundation without Building is,  
And there a Building on a Precipice.

Wherefore let me be humbled first, and then  
Reform so, as never to sin agen :  
Blending these two together, with intent  
To Build an Everlasting Monument.

### *A Carroll.*

**A** Wake dull Soul, and from thy fold of Clay  
Receive the blessed Tydings of the Day :  
Not of a Foxes Cubb, whose guile might be  
A promise of successive Tyrannie.  
Nor o' th' Victorious Eagles farr-spread wing,  
The chiefest of the Worlds parts covering :  
But of a Lamb that's yean'd, a Childe that's born,  
No Spectacle of Glory, but of Scorn ;  
For in the house of bread, This Bread of life,  
For us, is come to *Ioseph* and his wife :  
And though the City *David's* were, therein  
His Son no Throne Possesses, but an Inn.

*Luk. 2.*

8. 10.

13.

32.

2. 1.

*Iohn 1. 20.*

*Luke 2.*

17.

11.

7.

4. 5.

H

There

There thou maist finde him, at whose mean, low birth,  
The mightiest Potentates of all the Earth,  
Nay Oracles, are silenced and gon,  
Nor longer serve the Devils delusion.

The Delphian Fiend confesses, He's o'come.

And by an Hebrew-born-Childe stricken dumb.

*Dion,  
Suidas,  
Nicepho.*

The Letters of th'Old Law effaced are,  
Down falls the Statue of great Jupiter,  
With th'Twins, and their nursing Beast : which shour  
Of Prodigies, rouse up the Emperour,  
Who thus farr in the dark could see, t'erec  
In honor of th'Almighty Architect,  
An Altar in the Capitoll to's Son  
First-born, with the sole dedication.

If Light thus thorow darkness shone, why is't,  
That thou who hast the Gospels beams, the mist  
Of errors canst not dissipate, but still  
Becom'st Idolater in doing ill :

*Psalm 44.  
20.*

How doth thy Pride and Envie hatch deceit,  
And fond Ambition raise thee in conceit  
Of thine own worth, when all such honors can  
But dresse thee up more stately Beast, no Man ?  
The Serpents brood like Twins doe alwayes Pare,  
Which by Thy beastly humors fostered are :  
Thy tongue no more thy hearts cross-row doth spell,  
Than if thou were't an Other Oracle :

*1. Cor. 6.  
19.*

Be silent then, nor longer more prophane  
That Holy Temple, for which thou art tane ;  
But let the Lambs blood wash away the stains  
And Characters were written in thy veins  
By thy first Parents, and which sithence thou hast  
By thy Endeavours into Volumes cast,

Throw

Throw down thy self for Him who meekly came  
 Into the world for thee, a Childe, a Lamb,  
 Born to be Slain for thee, yet slain before,  
 To make the Victory and Conquest more.  
 Humility's a Childe; a Giant, Pride;  
*Goliath* from the hand of *David* dide:  
 So though like Foes, thy ill Affections grow  
 Unto immensity, a Powerfull throw,  
 Out of the Sling of Faith, of Hope, and Love,  
 May all that Monstrous-uncouth-brood remove.  
 Then maist thou reign without suspicion, free  
 As *Pharaoh* did, till this Nativitie:  
 Then shall Thy Conscience Oraclife thy Fate,  
 Than was *Augustuses* more Fortunate;  
 Nor in the Capitoll, but in thy Hart  
 Erect an Altar to Him, let each Part  
 Expres thou art awake, and seeing canst tell,  
 That now Salvation's come to Israel.

*Psalm 14.*  
 11.

*In Pueros Bethlebemiticos quos Herodes morte  
 Christi causa multavit.* Mat. 2. 16.

*Innocuis nocuit, Iusto dum Injusta minatur,  
 Infanda Infantum Laureæ Pœna dabat.*

*My Handkerchief to dry my eyes after the losse  
of a most dear Friend.*

LOrd, fithence the best  
Of Thine,  
Their Portions have  
Of Sorrow, Sicknefs, and the Grave :  
Why should the worst repine,  
Though Thou lock'st up their chiefeft joyes in rest?

Joyes, here but Lent,  
And so  
That we can say,  
W' enjoy them for a day,  
'Tis of meer Mercy, when for all we owe,  
The Landlord must diftrain to have his rent.

This the unthrifty course we take,  
Begets,  
Whilst Pity mov'd, he tells  
Us, He'll repair our tottering Cells,  
And quite strike off our former debts,  
If with Contentment, thankfulness partake.

These against sadness are  
An Antidote,  
Preventing its Cold Poyfon, and  
A heat-allaying-Julep, where Thy hand  
Doth Thy displeasure in a Fever note :  
They style the Grave, whether 'tbe near or farre,  
T'be but a Bed ; wherein when all must sleep,  
Let them rest envy'd, for our Sins we'll weep.

*On the Proto-Martyrs Death.*

THEY w'r of *Deucalions* race, could be of no other,  
Who ston'd St. *Stephen*, *Pyrrha* was their Mother.

---

*In Epiphaniam, siue manifestationem.*

*Psal. 148. 3.*

*Uum manifesta Novo Christi quæ Gentibus Astra  
Lux hodierna refert, Astra loquantur Ave.*

---

*A Morning Fancy upon recovery from sickness, and  
the birth of a Son at the same time.*

MARK but the Sluggards shame, the Change  
Where Pismires numerously doe range;  
And you'll conclude, no fight so quick to try  
Distinction in Those Creatures industry.

See but a shower of Motes that seem to beat  
Some busie Traffick in a Sun-beams heat:  
Then tell me what eye's so distinctiall,  
As for to single One out of them all.

This, and much Less is Man, whose numerous fry  
Fills the world to preserve posterity:  
And yet there was an Eye both frown'd and smil'd,  
A Sickness here, but there a Lovely Child.

Singling out One, to shew at once the room,  
Where's Mercy do His Judgments overcom:  
And when the Fatherly Chastisement's don,  
Crowns him the joyfull Father of a Son.

What

What can be here return'd ? the full expence  
Of a whole Summers toyl and providence,  
Or such a pack of lighter Merchandize,  
As in the Sun delight to exercise ?

These, and no better are what we can raise,  
To shew our thanks, saving a heart of praise,  
Which God Himself must give ; and then 't is no more,  
Than t'borrow of one, to pay the same a score.

Yet Lord, here be my Creditor, and lend  
A Soul, that may so much to Thanks pretend :  
That whilst it seeks thine own but to restore,  
Thou by acceptance maist create it more.

*Psalms* 82.  
6.7.

*From God to all Princes for moderation in  
taxing their Subjects.*

**T**Hough styled Gods, yet must ye die like men,  
Saith God the Lord : Hear what he speaks agen,  
Whose Children if you'd all accounted be,  
(O Israels Princes) leave off cruelty :

*Ezek.* 45.9. And let your judgments, Justice so put on,  
That there be no room for Oppression :  
Neither exact from those who call you Lord,  
More than your needs require, their powers afford.

*1 Cor.* 1.31.  
*Psalms* 105.

*Verbum Dei manet in aeternum.*

119. **L**ætari in Domino juvet, & cum Lubrica turbent,  
*Psal.* 8.6. Solamen Verbum Noctæ dieque suum.



*Ut sit & Cogitationibus, Verbisque, Factisque  
propitius Omnipotens.*

**G**reat God in whom all Justice raigns  
And Truth,  
Let not the reins of youth,  
So slacken in me still,  
T'enthral and Captivate my thoughts to Ill,

Much less my Deeds : but as thy Son.  
Begun  
Where *Solomon*  
Laid Ston :  
So make thy house my heart,  
And scourge out of it each Mechanick part.

Neither let words that die when spoke,  
Provoke  
My Soul to think,  
They'l sink  
Into Oblivion,  
As soon as They are uttered and gon.

Place a Sentinell before  
My dore,  
That by my Tongue  
be song  
No Anthem but Thy Praise;  
Nor let it ever send forth other Layes.

Thus

Thus may my thoughts and words, which usher on  
 My Deeds to Action,  
 By Thy Divine Power purg'd from th' dross of Sin,  
 Pave me a Golden Tract to Progress in:  
 Which if thou crown with Grace too, let appear  
 Dormant, yet watchfull, ceasing never heer.

---

*Non est bonum ludere cum sanctis.*

Mal. 4. 2.  
 Luke 1. 78.  
 Isa. 60. 1, 2.

*Omnis Caro moritur,  
 Et Sol Iustitia Oritur,  
 Proferens Sanitatem,  
 Si volumus,  
 In Aliis;  
 Quâ curet Vanitatem,  
 Quam Colimus  
 In malis.  
 Ideo Qui timet Omen Inferni,  
 Metuat Nomen Æterni;  
 Et absit pravaricari,  
 Si velis Sanari.*

---

*Ad Angliam in quinti Novembris  
 Feriam Annoalem.*

*Festum quid proferas Insula? quid Diem  
 Commemoratione dignam existimes  
 Si Hanc prætereas? in quâ Mirabilis  
 Acta est benignitas Liberationis,  
 Qualem qui comparet Antiquis seculis,  
 Parem inveniat nusquam in Atavis,*

*Gigantum*

Gigantum licet repetat Fabulam,  
 Quâ Cælum Ipsum stultitiâ petitur;  
 Mons super Montem palam ostenditur,  
 Ast hic ad Centrum usque & Infernas  
 Terrarum nigras itur Cavernas:

Monet apertâ fronte malities,  
 Sed cæca jugulat, neque à pendente  
 Malo, quam à periculo latente  
 Tam dirum Nefas, munit Conditio

In quâ pravalida stet admonitio.

Serpens Innocuus dummodo tuendus,  
 Quoniam Reptilis facilè fugiendus  
 Herbarum sub umbra conditus metuendus.

Cui nec dissimiles Dolos fuisse  
 Hos subterraneos, Quos latuisse  
 Usque ad Vigiliam Diei festi,  
 Memineris in quâ Manifesti  
 Amoris Divini patuere Radii.

O! si mihi faveat Arcadia.

Terra, vel Nemus, ut inveniam in Illis

Quibuscum notare Diem: Lapillis,

Uti mos Veterum, nec mihi Rubro

Tinctus sit Calamus atramento,

Cum Luceat Dies & à sanguine Liberata:

Nigroque carbone notata

Nusquam Conveniat; nam licet Atra

Machinatio Ista & Tartarea

Frustravit Hanc Dominus, & Tenebrarum

Orcum fugavit Lumine Gratiarum.

Tutior Anglia ut in posterum sis

Cordibus Gratis notetur Dies.

*Quid maxime semper in votis habeat.*

*Votis si faveant Numina servali,  
 Peccatis Placeant parcere; quantum  
 Parca Temporis & cedere posteris  
 Vitæ Limitibus velint  
 Texetur Melioribus  
 Telis in addant.*

*Contemptu in habeat Splendida Seculo in  
 Hoc Nugalia: nam in Vespere Condita est  
 Aurora facies, nec rugit amplius,  
 Cum Nox adfuerit Dies  
 Lethi, sic Thalamis modo  
 Dormiet Omnis.*

*Dum mane est fugiat Machina Tartari,  
 Nec in Meridiem Sordida contrahat,  
 Vespertinaque tunc Tempora conspicit  
 Latens, Iudicium cupit,  
 Sperat Cælicæ, at Improbus  
 Altera fundet.*

*Times Mintage.*

OF all the scattered Brood,  
 Or Brotherhood,  
 Drawn from Creations line,  
 To Blazon Providence divine;  
 The Worm, the Snail,  
 The Ant, the Fly,  
 Best make discovery  
 What Adam did entail  
 On His posterity.

(65)

To dwell with Dust and Clay,  
Which Symptome may  
Mans Low condition,  
That without intermission  
Heaps up with care  
What here is got,  
And Ignorant knows not,  
These Transitory are,  
Nor shall endure, but rot.

What was *Domitians* game,  
Or th' Sluggards shame,  
The Bloodless creeping beast  
Carries his house wherein to rest,  
Or Legless one,  
But Emblemer  
Of frailty, would infer  
Danger to be trod upon  
By every Passenger.

And doe we break our ease,  
To follow these?  
Fly at preferments pitch;  
And adding to our heaps grow rich  
In Muck and Slime?  
When 'tis our Soul  
Immortall should controul,  
And so Calcine our time  
From all such dross to Gould.

Which by afflictions tri'd,  
And worldly crosses purifi'd,  
Our Great Redeemer will apply  
His stamp to give it currency.

Parab.

*In Divitem & Lazarum.*

Luke 16.

19.

**D**Ives Quidam Ingens, sed nondum Nomine Dignus,  
 Purpureo Decoratus erat; Victuque Superbo  
 Gaudet & Assiduis Dapibus; nec sumptibus ullis  
 Parcitur, Ingluviem Queis possit pascere Fadam,  
 Sed Mare Consulitur Totum, & longinqua Potestas  
 Terrarum excutitur; nec non Iunonia Regna  
 Addunt Ingenuis cumulatis præmia Mensis:  
 Nec deerat, nisi Flammiferens Ignisque futurus.  
 Mortuus Iste tamen, Somno Lethale sepultus  
 Dicitur—— nil aliud——

*Pauper & Alter erat, gracilis Quem buccæ reddit  
 Spectandum Charitate Magis, nudisque læsertis,  
 Frigidus ante fores procumbens Divitis, Omne  
 Solatium à Canibus Lambentibus esse fatetur:  
 (Non etenim blando hoc captanda est gloria seculo)  
 Mortuus est etiam: Sed Queis discriminè vita  
 Dissimilis Fortuna fuit, His Mortis & idem:  
 Nempe, Quod in fragilis gaudetur tempore mundi  
 Vertitur in Lachrymas; Durissima quæque fuere  
 Illius Arbitria, accipiunt pro munere Pectus.*

Upon

*Upon the Rich Glutton; and Poor Begger.**Parable.*

**T**Here was a Certain Mighty Rich man, had  
 No other name (in Scripture) although clad  
 In Purple : who delitiously did fare  
 Daily, for which there neither Cost nor Care  
 Was spar'd, to feed his Gluttony with store,  
 Of what the Seas could yeeld when Galed ore ;  
 And whatsome'r both Earth and Air afford,  
 Seem'd Heaped Tributes to his quainter bord :  
 So that no Element to his desire  
 Was Niggard, save what was reserv'd, the Fire.  
 Yet this man Died, and on that sleepy score  
 Was Buried — and no more----

There was an Other, whom spare Diet made  
 More spectacle for Charity, being laid  
 Naked and Cold before the Rich mans gate;  
 Who full of sores, and all Disconsolate,  
 Saving from what the licking Dogs apply,  
 Concludes all this worlds pomp but flattery :  
 Then He Dies too. But as in life these were  
 Nothing akin ; so in Diameter  
 Death Their Condition states, for now 't appears,  
 What here was sown in Joy, there's reapt in tears ;  
 And He who by hard Fate was here oppress'd,  
 In *Abrams* Bosom finds an Interest.

*A Reveille Mattin to my best Friend.*

**L**ord, when the Casements of Mine eyes,  
 To welcom in  
 The Morn, first open'd are;  
 Grant that my Heart may early sacrifice  
 To Expiate for Sin,  
 Prepare :  
 And mustring up Thy Favours and Its Crimes,  
 Cashiere the One, let th'other stand enroll  
 To evidence at full that Time of Times  
 Wherein Thou Ransom'dst me, who once was sold.

Let all the Drowfie Vapours preft  
 My Fancy down,  
 Dispell and give it way  
 To rise betimes, and to be better drest;  
 So Dignifie and Crown  
 The Day  
 With Anthems may set forth that Glorious flame  
 Thy love burst out in, when my fault was so,  
 I'd line for e'r benighted in the same,  
 Hadst Thou not vanquisht and o'rcome my fo.

Cause (I beseech thee) that moist dew  
 That falls upon  
 My waking Temples tress  
 By every yawn, Thy goodness taught to shew,  
 An Exhalation  
 Express,

Obeying



Obeying no heat 'save what did proceed  
 From that most Righteous Sun, whose beams alone  
 Were of full Power to refine the deed  
 Our Parents Dross'd by their Corruption.

And as My Armes unfolded stand,  
     To fathom out  
     The Latitude, as't were,  
 'Twixt the Beds either side Meridian:  
     Let my Thoughts sore about  
     That Sphere,  
 Unparalleld for Grace: and stretch to be  
 Embracers of those Mercies did extend  
 Beyond all sounding Plummer or degree,  
 And thither all my Kids and Fatlings send.

Thus tane by th'hand by His whose felt  
     What mine deserv'd,  
     I'm up; and straight perceive  
 The Mornings Birth Bedew'd with his whose smelt  
     All of Perfumes, and serv'd  
     T' conceive  
 Such Raptures in Me, that no part nor sense  
 Could be at quiet, till it rose to make  
 This Offering, and from a full influence,  
 Inspir'd of Love, Dull Thanklessness t' forsake.

Now if my Eyes, my Heart, my Head, my Armes,  
 Embrace, Contemplate, feeling, seeing Charmes,  
 Where can this Exorcism trulier stay,  
 Than on that Star which chang'd our Night to day?

*Quid Amabilins.*

IF I must needs Discover  
 I am in Love : be Christ again my Lover,  
 And let His Passion bring  
 My Actions to their touch and censuring :  
 Who in this world was born,  
 Liv'd in it, and was put to death with scorn,  
 That I to Sin might die  
 Being born again, so live eternally :  
 Thus I'll no longer make  
 Addresses to my Glasse for this Curles sake;  
 Or that quaint garb, whereby  
 I may enchanted be with flattery :  
 Nor on Luxurious vow,  
 Becircling Rose-buds seek to Gird my brow ;  
 But with a melting thought  
 Bring home that Ransom whereat I was bought,  
 In Contemplation  
 Of that same Platted Crown He once had on.  
 And when my Glove or Shoo  
 Want Ribbond, Call for th' Nails that pierc'd Him too :  
 Else farther to be drest ,  
 Borrow the Tincture of His naked brest :  
 Nor wash, but in Soul Pride,  
 Then use no other bason than His Side:  
 So, up and ready, think  
 How He, for Me, low in the grave did sink,  
 That I again might rise  
 With Him, who was both Priest and Sacrifice,  
 To make atonement in  
 The Difference 'twixt his Fathers wrath, Mans sin ;  
 Whereto it must remain,  
 That I through Faith requite this love again.

Luke 24.  
5, 6.

Quare { Viventem  
inter  
Mortuos } quaritis? { Non Hic  
enim  
surrectus }

Dum in { Luxuria &  
Libidine,  
Arrogantia &  
Avaritia,  
Tranquillitas  
& Tyrannide } Et in omnium  
deniq; malorum  
consuetudine  
conquiescamus, } Et tamen { Salvatorem &  
Salvationem,  
Veritatem &  
Vitam,  
Immunitatem &  
Immortalitatem, } Deniq;  
omni  
provi  
Omn  
quid  
More

Hic  
enim } est.  
surrectus }

& Denique quicquid bonorum ex  
omni munificencia & singulari  
providencia largiri dignetur  
Omnipotens, petere conemur;  
quid aliud nisi viventem inter  
Mortuos quarimus?

Ut itaq;

Mortis amaritudine relicta

Vita felicitatis fruamur aternâ

Vitia vitemus ut pote ad  
mortem æternam du-  
centia, & Amphoram  
amplectemur aque  
Cælestis.

Nequitiam in nobismetipsis necemus,

Ut beneficia Resurrecti acquiramus.

Descendamus per pænitentiam pro peccato in nostro-  
rum ipsorum Contemptum,

Ut Ascendamus per benevolentiam humilitatis ipsius  
in Gloriam.

Sic responsum habeamus,

Quando Sponsum videamus,

Ut deposito Terrestri  
simus inditi cum cælesti.

Et sepositis in sepulchro Carnalibus,

Non illic speretur frui spiritualibus.

Sed verius de talibus dici potest

hic } sunt &  
non enim } cū illis  
surrecti } Anima  
nostra.

Fælices ter & amplius,

Qui Peccato ita Mortui fuerint

Ut simul cum Christo quam certissimè resurrexe-  
rint.

As shown

1992

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10. *Worms*

1111

11/12/21

*The necessity and grounds of Faith.*



AN in the state of Innocency, knew  
 Nothing to fear (whom all things were set under)  
 But was Created by perfections pattern,  
 And so above all hopes : till he whose Pride  
 like Lightning from the place of Bliss,  
 me Prince of Darkness, (which alone  
 Nurse to Envie and Malicioufness :)  
 in his hopeless Fortunes, seeks all means  
 e fond Man partaker of his woe.  
 ivation, not of Paradise  
 ut of the glorious Makers presence ;  
 hose Visions Beatificall,  
 ishment from which, is Held to be  
 ef of Torments threatned for degree :  
 decreed, to sharpen Satans Crime,  
 Gods Mercy : t' cause his Comforts less,  
 ory to appear by much the more ;  
 efore mark how 't fals out ; Man's alone,  
 provides him for Companion  
 himself, a help, but such, whose skill  
 ceive the subtil Serpents guile,  
 o to cheat too, when the subject's, Pride,  
 n, or the like, what ere's forbidden ;  
 ht betrayes him to the greatest offence  
 have falln in, Disobedience.  
 ilst he seeks to know, hee's Ignorant,  
 ys more than he should, That he was nak'd,

*Gen. 1. 26.*

Gen. 1. 28.

**Luk. 10.18.**

2 Pet. 2. 4.

*Fide 6.*

Rev. 20.10.

Gen. 3. 24.

**Gen.4.16!**

**Exek. 1.5, 15**

*Gen. 2. 20.*

Gen. 2.23, 18.

Gen. 3. 1,

52

6.

7.

K

**And**

And so provides him Leaves to Cover that  
 Which without Leave he thus was stript into,  
 Nor rests he there secure ; it seems the guilt  
 Of what he had done, presented as a glass  
 His Souls deformity through Nakedness,  
 In not beleeving God, (whose Voice but heard)  
 10, They Boldly enter Thickers, though afraid :  
 8, Hence may that Passion count its age, and then,  
 What antidote prescribable, save hope,  
 That still Looks forward, 'less in Promises  
 Which calls the thoughts back, to see what shall come :  
 And this must work by Faith, and Faith recall  
 15, The first Seducers Doom, (to be o'rcome  
*Heb. 11. 2.* By the same sexes Issue, was o'rcome first,  
 Which is the substance of our wish'd Desires,  
*Rom. 8. 24,* And Evidence of what each soul admires,  
*Jeb. 1. 16,* Yet sees not, though thereby Salvation's wrought,  
*2 Cor. 1. 20.* And Grace to win it ; Absence prompts the minde  
*Jeb. 3. 15,* To Incredulity ; till faithfulness,  
 16, Grounded upon those Promises ne'r fail)  
*Luke 23. 2,* Assures it self of Pardon and forgiveness,  
 24, Through him that was accus'd, condemn'd and died,  
 46, Yet Lives to try, and Judge hereafter all.  
*Rom. 8. 34.* By whose alone sufficiency of Merits,  
*1 Tim. 2. 5.* And intercession as our Mediator,  
 There is found ground and Ankerage for Hope  
*Ephes. 2. 9.* To Stretch the Justifying Cable on,  
 When all that ever from our selves proceeds,  
 Avails us nothing, but t' increase misdeeds :  
 Yet as a Body without motion,  
*Jam. 2. 26.* Or spirits quickening, so Faith alone,  
 Without some operative concurrences  
 Is Dead, not Lively, but a Dream or Shadow,

*Chimera*, or such like, wherein we seem  
 To have some fancy-glimmerings of the truth,  
 Yet not beleave it, nor so much awake  
 As t' apprehend Christ and his benefits:  
 So suit our works according to his will,  
 Whose will it was to suffer that which we  
 Deserved had: and t' undergo the wrath  
 We justly had pull'd down upon our selves.  
 The outward sense prevails much with our nature,  
 And every one is apt to apprehend  
 Some wonders thence: from Lightning, Thunder, Hail,  
 The stormie Winds and Tempests (without doubt,  
 Gods warning-peece), laden with Natures Cartridge,  
 Whereat the very Heathen fear and tremble,  
 And the Meer worldling is convinc'd thereby  
 To think there is a God, whilst all the fruits  
 And benefits the earth repays him with  
 For all his sweat and labour, he ascribes  
 Solely to th' Seasons temperature and bounty,  
 Not thinking in whose Fist the deeps and hills are;  
 And Both (for Nature couples them) impute  
 What ever good, successes they obtain,  
 Or health, strength, wealth enjoy, to Casualty,  
 Chance, or Good Fortune, (as they call it) born  
 To tread a few steps here, and then return  
 They know not whither, they beleave still well:  
 So how they should beleave well, scorn to Learn;  
 When on the contrary, that Soul subdues  
 The motions of the sensuall appetite,  
 Which causes surfer upon outward means,  
 And fixes all Imagination  
 Up to the Throne from whence all blessings rain,

1 *Thes.* 1.10.*Ephes.* 2.3.*Nero, &c.**Psal.* 95.4.*Luk.* 1.46.

49,

50,

51,

52,

53.



- And Chastisements but drop, (yet so, as when  
 They mollifie, not with their often fall,  
 They surely doe confound and break withall,  
 Is in pursuance of the Makers praise,  
 And contemplation of that work of Wonders,  
 Made the Centurion first think of God :
- Luke 23. 47.* It doth beleave the Sampler, and endeavour  
*Mar. 15. 39.* To work it stitch by stitch, whereof such Love  
 Was never shewn before, begins the Thred,  
*John. 15. 13.* Humility and Meekness seconds it ;  
*Ephef. 5. 2.* Charity, Patience, and Long-sufferance  
*Phil. 2. 8.* Winde up the Bottom: for these well Cast o're,  
*Mat. 11. 29.* Will perfect Faith, so that it need no more,  
*Joh. 10. 11.* To Rise to him, that did descend for Us,  
*Rom. 2. 4.* And bring his Mercies down to take that rise by,  
*Mal. 4. 2.* Craving his Healing Wings to Impe our Feathers,  
 That so we flagg not through Lazines  
 Towards what good is, nor yet make a plain-  
 Discøvery that our quarry still is earth ,  
 But like the true-bred Chicken of the Eagle,  
 With rais'd up Beak behold the glorious Sun,  
*Ibid.* That Sun of Righteousness, till all the Dark  
 And misty Vapours that our sins had rais'd  
 Dispell and vanish at his Merits Rayes.
- Jer. 8. 22.* No Balm from *Gilead* may refresh and heal  
 The festered sores of our Corruptions,  
 But such as that *Samaritan* applies :  
 For as our Leprousie through sin was grown  
 To a more cankered Infection  
*2 King. 5. 15,* Then *Naman*, the *Assyrian's*, and *GabheZies*:  
 27. There must another *Jordan* be found out.  
*Zach. 13. 1.* To work the cure; a Purple stream of blood

Flowing out of a precious saving Side,  
 To wash our Souls white, when apply'd by Faith;  
 Not onely Seven times, but all that Time  
 Alots us here to breathe in: That Disease  
 Compar'd to snow, being cur'd, resumes the flesh  
 Of a young Infant: Here an Infants flesh  
 And blood not spar'd, procures so bright a tincture,  
 As that no snow can parallel for whiteness,  
 The Lambs blood-washed Robes, wherein the Saints  
 Are clad here, first by Christian faith and Grace,  
 And therein drest, hereafter enter glory;  
 So thenceforth shall we promise happiness  
 Unto our selves in each condition;  
 When our Assurance, for foundation,  
 Hath the try'd Corner-stone, and all the fabrick  
 Is pedestall'd upon those precious piles  
 He bore, and bore him, bidding us bear after.  
 And by which plenall satisfaction,  
 The Vials of his Fathers wrath were stop't.  
 God by reproof sends Sluggards to the Ant,  
 Proud Courtlings to th' Riches of the fields:  
 And why should we not think that we are taught  
 By Love, to love again? were our hearts iron,  
 A Loadstone might attract them, and (such Love is)  
 Doe the milde Turtles so engage themselves  
 By Natures mandate, That the loss of one,  
 Denies the other benefit of Like?  
 And shall we not resent that benefit  
 Our Saviour purchas'd for us, quitting Life,  
 To make ours sure for ever? Or, how is't  
 We can survive, not droop and pine away,  
 For our offence (which was the cause) we ought,

2 King. 5. 27,

14.

Luke 2. 21.

Job. 1. 29.

Rev. 19. 8.

Isa. 28. 16.

Luke 23. 26.

Phil. 2. 8.

Mat. 10. 38.

Rev. 16. 1.

Prov. 6. 6.

Matth. 6. 28.

Magnes Amo-  
ris Amor.

And 2 Cor. 5. 15.

- 1 Cor. 15. 21. And the Dominion that sin hath o'r us,  
 Else 'tis an other lesson Grace instructs,  
 Luke 24. 26. And that's to entertain his Sufferings  
 1 Pet. 2. 24. As our enlargement, his Stripes, for our healings;  
 Embracing all those Bounties with such Souls,  
 May ready be to melt and to dissolve  
 2 Cor. 6. 4. In tears contritionall for their Corruptions;  
 5, Yet rais'd with Comfort of such Mercies, Riches,  
 6, Be fruitfull in the works of Piety  
 10. Henceforth, and praises of his holy Name  
 Ephef. 1. 23. Who is the Fountain, and must give the same,  
 John 4. 14. Unless with *Bartimene* we were blinde,  
 Gen. 2. 7. How doe we not perceive the Clay we tread on,  
 To be the substance whereof we were made :  
 And by the Sun that Attom'd into Dust,  
 Tells us but what we must dissolve into :  
 Or like the Shadow represents us, see  
 We not what 'tis, and what we all shall bee ?  
 That in observance of our bubble Thoughts,  
 We still aspire, and make our Fancies dance  
 Within the Imaginary pool of Pride,  
 Or sea of Self-conceit ; This not of Eyes,  
 But dimness of the Minde is too too bad,  
 Wherewith bemist in our apprehensions,  
 We dream we fathom all perfections,  
 And yet but grope after the least of truths,  
 It may be in the twilight of our reason,  
 We offer at obedience to instruction,  
 And seek to be inform'd : If what we hear  
 John 3. 1, Fly not beyond our pitch, (a great Professor,  
 4. Master of Israel, once was gravelled  
 Upon that Shelf) and 'twas through lack of Faith ;

Had

Had he but had so much, as t'have compar'd  
 With that least Grain of all, no Mountain could  
 Have bragg'd of firmness 'gainst his moving power.  
 But to shew truly what esteem we ought  
 To set upon our selves, 'tis here set down,  
 When the prophetick Prince, and Prince of Prophets,  
 Compares his Royalties but to a Worm;  
 And by the best Authority can vouch,  
 An innocent, and little harmless Childe  
 Is plac'd for us to imitate: And those  
 Who would aspire great blessings of salvation,  
 For to be Last is First, and First but Last,  
 Least greatest, greatest Least: Epitomise  
 Our selves, and we become voluminous  
 In Graces Library: when if we swell  
 With pride of our own Worth, the smallest vent  
 Un-winds that blather, blasting our intent:  
 And that we may once more Example scan,  
 Consider th'Pharisee and Publican.  
 But if all these not serve to break our ston  
 And iron hearts, mark what he Rode upon:  
 Into the City, who Salvation brings,  
 And when he lists rides on the Winds swift wings.  
 Doth the least cross or rubb we meet withall,  
 Set our whole little world afire, and raise  
 Tempestuous motions to disturb the rest  
 And quiet of our Souls: Prompting revenge?  
 And yet behold, our Food and Raiments friend  
 Led to the slaughter, Dumb, and to the Shearers.  
 Without an angry Bleat to shew distaste!  
 Are we so frozen-handed, that we fear  
 To open any help to those that need,  
 Upon this scruple, lest thereby we seem

*Mat. 17.20.**Psaln 12.6.**Matth. 18.3.**Mat. 20.16.**Mark 9.35.**Luke 9.48.**Luke 18.11,  
12,**3.  
Zech. 9.9.**Psaln 18.10.**Psaln 44.11.**Job 31.20.**Isa. 53.7.*

To

- To break the Ice for Merit to start out at,  
 So seek to share with him in whom all Lies,  
*Gal. 5. 6.* As if we knew not that our Faith were lame,  
*1 Cor. 13. 1.* Without this Grace for to support the same;  
 And that if in his Name who fed the hungry,  
 Cur'd the diseased, heal'd both Lame and Blinde,  
 Administring (whilst here he was amongst us)  
*Luke 19. 9.* All comforts, for our imitation  
 And pattern to walk by) we doe refresh  
*Deut. 15. 7.* Any the sons of *Abraham* with water,  
*Mat. 25. 40.* A Mite or Ragg may help necessity,  
*Luke 16. 9.* He will accept it, as to him 'twere given,  
 And the reward or recompence is Heaven.  
 Call we to Minde when mov'd to any wrath,  
 How many wayes we daily doe transgress  
 Our gracious Gods decrees, who as the farcell  
 Or master Feather of his Mercies wings,  
 To raise them above all his other Works,  
 Abounds in Patience, and delays due Judgment,  
 To favour our Repentance with more time,  
*Mat. 26. 67.* Never forgetting, how He bore the Taunt  
*Mark 14. 65.* That whited Wall cast on him, nor the Buffet,  
*Luke 22. 63,* Scourging, or Spittings on, all that disgrace,  
 64. Envie, and Malice could contrive for us  
*Mar. 15. 17,* Who had deserv'd no less; and then perchance  
 18. Such Lessons may procure our temperance.  
 To suffer is a double kinde of phrase,  
 For so he did that died for us, yet still  
 'Tis through his sufferance that we are alive,  
 And suffered to enjoy one benefit;  
 Whilst by our Evil wayes, what in us lies  
 We crucifie the Lord of Life each houre:

As when our thoughts forge mischief on our beds,  
Are not his temples Crown'd anew with thorns ?

*Psalm. 36. 4.*

Our hands that should be open to Relieve,  
If that they graspe more than our own, so thieve

Or work oppression : and our feet are swift

In shedding Blood too : how doe such again

Nail his unto the Cross? our tongues are tipt

With poyson'd Envies and Maliciousness,

False lying, slanders, all that's impious,

Tuning our Lips to Blasphemy, and loose

Unfavoury talk. Doe they not seem to spit

*John 19. 34.*

On him afresh? tearing that window open

With our spear-pointed Discord, that let in

The Gall-less Dove brought the true branch of Peace

And Reconcilement, whilst from thence did flow

A Crimson shower of pure Compassion,

And satisfying Mercy in the height,

His Side (I mean) that like *Noes* Ark had been

Our safeties from the Deluge wrought by him,

And now Remains our pledg, that those that flie

Unto that Sanctuary never Die.

We through our Natures weakness, not of power

To give the Least of Sufferings resistance,

Although we promise fair, as *Peter* did,

May here be taught to trust so far to Faith,

Not that proceeds from vain security,

*Luke 22. 33,*

Left then the Crowing-Cock give us the lie;

*34.*

But such whereby we are Regenerate,

*Rom. 3. 28.*

And Justify'd, more than bare Law could promise,

As to o'come the great'st temptation,

And judge the Buffetings of Satan Blessings;

*Matth. 4. 1.*

The World, the wilderness, and Every high

*8, 5.*

Conceit of our own worths we are tickled with,  
 To be the Mount: Superlative designes,  
 As when we pry too far into Gods Ark;  
 And sift those Mysteries, 'neath the Cherubs wings,  
 We seem upon the Temples Pinnacles.  
 Thus travailing like Pilgrims here a while,  
 Nothing but dangers and vexations,  
 Allurements through enticing change, betrays  
 Us to the snares of His precipit ways,  
 Whose Art destructive by enchantments power,  
 Seeks to encompass us within that circle  
 He fell himself into through presumption:  
 Which to eschew, whilst Gods long-suffering, patience,  
 And charity shewn to his handy work:  
 His meek Humility, and chief of graces,  
 Favours us with forbearance; Let's come home

Whilst 'tis to Day, (for who can tell to whom

*Psal. 95. 8.*

*Hieri vidi Fragile frangi, } Sen. trag.*

*Hodie vidi Mortalem mori. }*

*Quem Dies vidit veniens Superbum,*

*Hunc Dies videt rediens Jacentem, Ibid.*

The morrow shall belong?) and in that way,

Tract by the Prodigall 1<sup>st</sup> Parable,

*Luke 15. 13.* Seek out our Fathers face with love and meekness,

18, And we are sure of his embracing Armes.

19, For though through Natures subtilty we have been,

20, As 'twere, hid deep within the caves of Earth,

Buried in Worldly cogitations,

*Rom. 5. 6, 8.* The Merchant of our Souls did spare no pains

Nor cost in myning through the earths dark vains

To purchase us, so brings again to light.

Yet as pure Gold requires the Finers art,

And Diamonds polishing, and to be cut:

So here He past the Furnace; and became

Chief Jeweller, for 'twas the Blood o' th Lamb,  
 Not of he-Goats could serve; and if we grinde  
 Our selves for Sin to powder, we'r Refin'd  
 So as at first we were, unman'd by her  
 Should be our help; that still she might so prove  
 God brings't about, no other Vessell serves  
 To entertain a ghest of so great price,  
 As that must Ransome all the world besides,  
 But of that Sex; and though the news at first  
 Strook terrour and amazement, afterwards  
 It was sole Remedy against fear: for as  
 The name of *Cesar* to the Seaman once,  
 Prov'd of security, sufficient  
 To make him put to Sea: So here the Virgin  
 Assured that 'twas *Emmanuel* she carryed,  
 Gave *Ioseph* courage not t' abandon Her;  
 But casting Anchor on those promises,  
 To become full of Faith, and by what ere  
 The Lord suggested In that Course to steer.  
 Thus was time brought abed of what its young  
 And tender Infancy had onely shewn  
 By Revelation to the Patriarchs,  
 Prophets, and men of God; and which now past,  
 Upon these latter Times by Faith is cast:  
 So he that was before all time begun,  
 Came in the fulness, and remains a Son  
 To mediate with the Father, that our fears  
 Cancell'd by Faith, we might become Coheirs.

*Heb.* 10. 4.

*Heb.* 9. 12.

The sacrifices of the Old,  
 but shadows of the New.

A Diamond dissolvable  
 by Goats blood, and to be  
 cut with the help of its own  
 powder:

*Luke* 1. 28.

29.

*Quid Times?*  
*Cesarem &*  
*fortunam suam*  
*vebis, Luca.*

*Matth.* 1. 23,

24.

*Gen.* 12. 3.

*Isa.* 7. 14.

*John* 3. 15.

*Gal.* 4. 4. 5.

1 *Tim.* 2. 5.

1 *Sam.* 17.

26. 36.

*Psal.* 3. 6.



Bona	Regni Terreni	Potestas	} quibus op- ponuntur	Infirmitas
		Honor		Ignominia
		Divitia		Paupertas
		Delicia:		Luctus.
	Regni Cælestis	Hæc	Temporaria sine Sempiterna.	Illis.

Joyes Flitting Pleasures, Transitory Lie,  
 Accompanied with much Infirmities  
 Below here: whilst without th' allay of wo,  
 Heav'n for eternity doth those bestow.

### *The Brazen Serpent.*

**T**He world's a Wilderness, and Man therein  
 Exposed to the bite and sting of Sin,  
 Whose wages, Death, from that same curse began,  
 Ushering in need of a Physitian:  
 Then did the Great Creator of Mankind  
 (And all things else) a ready Balsame finde  
 To cure those wounds, corrupted Nature so  
 Contracted had for its own overthrow:  
 Whose Mercy by a Type, at first invites  
 Unto belief the stiff-neck'd Israelites,  
 Brings Moses into credit as they pass,  
 By setting up a Serpent made of Brasse,  
 To foil Sin at's own weapon, and to bring  
 The future hopes of our recovering

By Him alone who lifted on the Tree,  
 A cursed Death endur'd to set us free;  
 His goared Head, Pierc'd Side, and Hands and Feet,  
 With Crown of Thorns, and Spears, and Nails did meet,  
 That we might tread on Carpets, and become  
 Coheirs with Him in truest Elizium:  
 That bitter Cup he did vouchsafe to pledg,  
 For us whose teeth by sower grapes set on edg,  
 Were almost helpless; must incite us on,  
 To seek the liquor of salvation.  
 Taste Vineger and Gall here first, and be  
 Greatly Ambitious of humilitie;  
 Cast down our selves for him was rais'd for us,  
 If we desire to rise Glorious.  
 Bear Crosse, be rob'd and hurt, shame undergo,  
 Passe from *Ierusalem* to *Iericho*,  
 There meet with theeves, no healing hopes we can  
 Expect, but from This true *Samaritan*.

*Good Fridays Reveille, or on the Passion.*

Salutis Cataplasmus.

**M**ay we call this Dayes task to minde,  
 And prove we to each other still unkinde?  
 Doth Passion bear o'r Reason sway,  
 Making us quite neglect this Passion day?  
 Why are we suffer'd so to err,  
 As not t'remember our Great Sufferer  
 In Praises due? who whilst he dies,  
 Shews what He'd have us doe for Enemies,  
 Forgive them first; for thus He sues  
 Unto His Father for the cursed Jewes:

Next, whatſoever Croſſes come,  
 To be like Sheep before the Shearers, dumb;  
 Or Lambs unto the Slaughter led  
 In Meekneſs, not with fury hurried:  
 Then through that Conflict he endur'd,  
 If humbly we believe we ſhall be cur'd;  
 For it falls ſhort in other art,  
 To frame a remedy for ſuch a ſmart,  
 As from the ſting of doing amiſs,  
 In following Sin to death here heap'd up is;  
 And to apply this Plaiſter, lay it on,  
 There needs no Others hand, ſave Faith's alone.

---

*On Eaſter-day.* 1648.

*Death, where is thy ſting?  
 Grave, where is thy victory?*

**E**ACH thing below here hath its day,  
 As in the Proverb's ſaid;  
 And ſo it comes to paſs that they  
 Conquer are Conquered.  
 For He who for mans fault aſſign'd  
 Death, and a Graves reward,  
 Was pleas'd thoſe bands for to unbind,  
 And ſo himſelf not ſpar'd,  
 But iſſuing forth his heav'nly throne,  
 Vouchſafes the Earth to bleſs,  
 And became here a little One  
 To make our Crimes goe leſs:  
 Not that our diſobedience can  
 In weight or meaſure ſhrink;

But

But that this Great Physician  
 Before us takes the drink,  
 That bitter Potion we had  
 Deserv'd to quaff, and thus  
 He weeps Himself, and becomes sad  
 To purchase Joy for us.  
 And more than so: for every one  
 Will for his friend lay down  
 Some spark of love: but he alone  
 His Enemies to crown  
 Refus'd not Death; so deep from high  
 His Mercies did extend;  
 And if you ask the reason why,  
 'Twas meer for Mercies end.  
 Yet that grim Death and mouldy Grave  
 No longer be His Prison,  
 Than He himself alone would have,  
 He 'bides not there, but's risen.  
 And if we would as Conquerors rise  
 With him who vanquish'd those,  
 We must not fear where danger lies,  
 For Him all to expose:  
 But though the Grave doe open stand,  
 And persecutions reign,  
 At Hells desire and Deaths command,  
 Look on our Sovereign,  
 His Banner doth present the Cross  
 He bore, and bare Him too  
 For us; and we must count it loss  
 To fail what he did do.  
 Thus Sin and Hell, the Grave and Death  
 Must quit the field and fly,

Whilst

Whilst in contempt of borrow'd breath,  
     We'd live Eternally.  
 Thrice happy day whereon the Sun  
     Of Righteousness did rise,  
 And such a glorious Conquest won,  
     By being our Sacrifice:  
 And as unhappy He, that shall  
     Not finde the white and best  
 Of Stones to mark the same withall,  
     And priz't above the rest.

---

*To Prince CHARLES, in Aprill, 1648.*

*Upon the hopes of his Return.*

**S**Eems not the Sun more Glorious in his ray,  
 When as the Cloud that shadowed's blown away?  
 Is not each beam He darts then truly said,  
 Of triple heat after being sequestred?  
 The Crimson streaks belace the Damask West,  
 Calcin'd by night, rise pure Gold from the East,  
 And cast so fair a Dapple o'r the Skies,  
 That all the Air's perfum'd with Spiceries:  
 And shall we think when Jealousie and fear  
 Are out of Breath, the Day of hope's not near?  
 Doth it not bloom already, and untie  
 That stubborn knot of Incredulity?  
 When blossomes fall, we say our Trees are set,  
 But so, as may a womb of fruit beget.  
 Thus when the clumisie Winter doth incline  
 His candid Icicles, for to resign

To

To *Flora's* beauty, and the Spring drives on,  
 T'oretake Maturity's perfection,  
 The Cold so tyrannised had o'r blood,  
 Is though'd, and each enjoys new livelyhood :  
 The Mariner meeting a stress of weather,  
 That with his Shrowds and Tackle shakes together  
 His apprehensive thoughts, till they are spent,  
 And nought but Death and danger represent :  
 With what a full Sea of content doth he  
 Making a Coast embrace security?  
 These, and much more, Illustrious Sir, become  
 The Issues of your little Martyrdome,  
 With whom all good and Loyall hearts did bring  
 Ambitious heat to joyn in suffering ;  
 For Seas prove calm when as the storm is ore,  
 And after Cold, warmth is of Comfort more.  
 Best Diamonds may have foyles ; mistakes have gon  
 To blemish ; yet rais'd disposition  
 More splendid in esteem ; no more to say,  
 You are the *Aprill* to our future *May*.

---

### *To Easter Day.*

Welcome Blest Day, whereon  
     The Sun  
 (Not of the Spheres alone)  
     Did rise,  
 But that of Righteousness, who shon  
 Our True-Light, was our Sacrifice.

For 'thad been night  
 With us,  
 Dark, Everlasting, Dismall, Vaporous,  
 Entail'd from our first Parents Appetite :  
 Till by the Power and Might  
 Of this Light of the world, our Shades took flight.

Death, Hell, the Grave  
 That ever Crave  
 And never satisfi'd appear,  
 No longer their Dominions have,  
 Sithence vanquish'd by this Conquerer,  
 Who doth enlighten every faithfull Sphere.

Now that each Orb consenting prove  
 The while,  
 And trulier might feel those comforts move  
 From so Great Light, such precious love.  
 We must reflect, and back recoil,  
 To see what either hath in's Lamp of Oil.

For without Doubt  
 Their share is Darknes, let their lights goe out :  
 And where agen  
 Ones light doth shine through vertues before Men,  
 'Tis True Divinity,  
 Our Heav'nly Father's Glorifi'd thereby.

## Soliloquium ad Salvatorem.

*Quid in Me conspicuum  
Nisi Vitium?*

*Quid in Tua facie  
Nisi Gratia?*

*Peccans ab Originale,  
Non vult adhuc nisi Male.*

*Sed qui Tempus antecedit  
In Tempore Seipsum dedit;*

*Vile Lutum,  
Fit Pollutum.*

*Sanguine lavare,  
Emundare.*

*Quanam est conceptio Mentis? vana,  
Seu Prophana:*

*Ast, quod caro factum fuit  
Verbum, instruit:*

*Verba sed (Hen) nostra ventis  
Parent; non rationi Mentis:*

*Dum quod scriptum est loquutus  
Qui & vinctus, & solutus:*

*Facere nec quidquam lubet  
De Illo, quod Ipse jubet.*

*Qui pro Illis quos creavit,  
Nulla pati denegavit.*

*Verba                      Facta  
Cor                      Correeta  
Fac sint,  
Qui pro summa Laude,  
Vacuus est ab omni fraude.  
A M E N.*

*The true Bread of Life. John 6. 48.*

**B**Read is the staff of life, and life's the scope  
Of every mans desire, aime, and hope;  
Yet He who was the spoil of Death (for so  
The Syriack renders him) yeelded thereto.

*Lev. 26. 26*

*Gen. 5. 25.*



And after more than any else e're saw  
 Of Years and Dayes, did at the last withdraw,  
 To shew the frail condition here beneath  
 Of those who in their Nostrills bear their breath :  
 So that compar'd unto Eternall blifs,  
 A Shadow, Bubble, Span, all Emblem This.  
 Why then should Thoughts be tost to Court such Clay,  
 But that Our natures mandate we Obay?  
 And may doe so, whilst appetite puts on  
 No other garb 'save Moderation :  
 The bounty *Ceres* from her Golden Ear  
 Scatters to bleſs the painfull Labourer,  
 Comes from above too, yet when ground and bread,  
 'Tis but our Tabernacle's nourished,  
 And that but for a while ; the Soul must be  
 Beholding to an Other Grainarie ;  
 Not that which *Moses* Prayer cau'd to fall  
 To satiate the Israelites withall ;  
 Nor of such Barley-loaves grew once on earth,  
 2 *Kings* 4. 42, 43. Wherewith *Elisba* fed some in a Dearth :  
 These might have hunger after ; but Those bleſt  
 With the True batch of Life may ever rest  
 So satisfi'd, as with the height of store,  
 For such shall never need to hunger more,  
 But an Eternall life enjoy, wherein  
 No dearth or famine is, save that of Sin :  
 Plenty and Joyes for evermore dispose  
 Themselves to be the Comforters of those.  
 And whilst our Faith makes that a life indeed,  
 The other seems to trust a broken reed.  
 Afflictions sowre that Temporall bread with Leaven,  
 Which this is freed of, for it comes from Heaven.

*A Carroll.*

When we a Gemm or Precious stone have lost,  
 Is not the fabrick or the frame  
 Of Fancy busied, and each thing tost  
 And turn'd within the room ?

Till we the same  
 Can finde again, Is't not a Martyrdom ?

Doth Vanity affect us so: yet are  
 We slumber-charm'd, nor can employ  
 A thought that backward might reduce, so farre,  
 Lively to represent

Our Misery,  
 Who fell, and thus incurr'd a Banishment ?

Shall we leave any corner Reason lends  
 To give sense light, unsought, untry'd ?

To finde how far our Liberty extends,  
 And how rebound we were  
 Re-edify'd

By th' Shepherd, and by th' Son o'th' Carpenter?

May not this skill and love in him, require

The white and better stone to Mark,  
 And t'raise this time above all others higher,  
 Wherein He came (though Light)

Into the Dark,  
 For to restore unto Mankind its sight ?

Most sure it will: and where neglect denies.

To be observant of this Day,  
 It proves not onely forfeiture of eyes,  
 But all parts seem asleep.

Or gone astray:  
 So's the house again unbuilt, and lost the sheep.

Tragi-

## Tragicomœdia vitæ Humanæ.

*O*rimur & Morimur,

*Mors & Natiuitas simul introeunt :*

*Quid ergo Gloria Mundi Istius?*

*Verum Theatrica ingredi scilicet ,*

*Egredique semper, Mos fuit vetus,*

*Est etiam hodie, eritque, donec*

*Postrema scena peragenda est, in quâ*

*Simul Omnes iterum partes ut agant prodierint :*

*Lavaque acies multis Miseriis*

*Finem impone. t suæ Tragœdia ;*

*Dextrum Cornu dum in Chorcis*

*Sponsi resonent Epithalamium :*

*Ambo Epilogum Tragicomœdia*

*Narrent, dum manet Ambos Conclusio.*

## In Horologium.

*M*entitur celeri facilis rota tempora cursu,

*Et properans Tardam praterit Illa Diem :*

*Sic Horam Alatam superet modo Plumbea virtus,*

*Cum iuuet in stimulos pondere pressa suos.*

*Fallere quam facile est dum non sentitur, amisso*

*Pondere tarda rota est, tempora sed fugiunt.*

*O ! mihi sic Liceat prudenti Corde fugaces*

*Annumerare Dies, ut mihi Pondus erit.*

*Sic possem subito vitam disponere seclo,*

*Ut renovet Claram Candida sera Diem.*

*The Tragicomedie of Mans life.*

Here One is born, and there an Other dies,  
Nativity and Obsequies  
Enter at once; What then is all  
This worlds Pomp, but Theatricall ?  
For to come out, and to goe in  
Hath evermore the Custom been,  
And will be till the latter scene  
Summons us all at once again.  
Then shall the Left-hand file in Misericordie,  
Shut up the story of their Tragedie :  
Whilst with a Chorus the Right wing  
The Bridegrooms Epithalamie doth sing,  
Both giving a Catastrophe  
Unto this Tragicomedie.

*Upon a Clock:*

The swifter lying Wheel o'r-runs the Day,  
Would make it seem as guilty of Delay;  
And the wing'd hour out-stretch as conquer'd  
In swiftneſs, by the Plummers weight of lead :  
The fallacy is caſie, for admit  
That weight were off, then time would out-fly it.  
O let my ſitting dayes ſo numbred be  
By a wiſe heart, they prove of weight to me :  
So may I life diſpoſe, that in the end  
By ſetting bright, it may a clear Day ſend.

Quid Vita Vera,

Quænam Mors certissima.

Soli vivunt —

Soli Mortui —

Seducit in Tentationem

Vipere Conditionis nostre

Æmulus Satanas

Veram igitur ut Vitam habeamus,

A Peccato dehinc abstineamus.

Moriæmur itaque —

Ut Fruamur Vita —

Qui in Christo vivunt.

Qui in Peccato remanent.

Vivificat per sui Ipsius oblationē.

Vipere Miteria nostra &amp; Misericordie

Patris quam Memor Christus.

Non in sed à Peccato;

Qua sit &amp; in &amp; à Domino.

---

Upon a very wet S. Stephens day.

GOD would his Saints should be bemoan'd,  
So the day weeps for Stephen ston'd.

---

In Diem Circumcisionis ad Adamum five  
totam humani Generis stirpem.

Luke 2.21. Circumciscus erat, Legi sic paruit olim,

Ut parat invitis Pileæ certa suis:

Gal. 2.4.5. Et Novus in vetulo dignatur Parvulus Orbe

Vivere, Nos animis Vestiat Ille novis.

Tempora sic fugiant, Magna est Mutatio seclis,

Non Mutare, suas mutet Adamus Opes.

Upon

*Upon Easter day.*

**S**In buried Soul awake and rise,  
 Let not the Conquered More  
 O'r thy Affections Tyrannize :  
 All that This world affords for Ore  
 But Droffie is, nor the least Mite  
 Of happinefs in Flefhly Appetite.

The Devill from the first was styl'd  
 A Lyer, and hath still  
 Improv'd His malice, so beguil'd  
 Us as our Parents to his will ;  
 Each Word we utter, Thought conceive,  
 Or Act, all serves but t' help him to deceive.

No marvail then if Thou wer't bound,  
 When 'twas a Threefold Cord,  
 A Trident mischief that doth wound,  
 Requires a Treble Patience to afford  
 Relief : with which we here were sped,  
 When th' Womans Seed did break the Serpents head.

First 'twas One God in three Compact,  
 Vouchsaf'd to work this Cure,  
 Though't seem'd the Sons alone, this Act,  
 Both Father and Spirit were there most sure :  
 For 'tis without Contention,  
 All Three in One work'd Mans Redemption.

N

They

They were three Wisemen from the East  
 Conducted by a Starr,  
 Refus'd no Travail for this Guest,  
 But came with Presents from afarr,  
 To Court Heavens Munificence  
 With Gold, with Myrrh, and Frankincense.

Those three indeed bewitch our sense,  
 And what could Men bring rather?  
 Faith was in Infancy, and thence  
 It chose to suit the Gift, I gather,  
 As whereby t' shew what Dawning 'tis  
 That Entertains the Blossomes of our Blis.

The Fruit comes after: and that was,  
 When He who knew no sin,  
 Condemned, yet contented as  
 A malefactor Great had bin,  
 Not onely Born, but born to bear  
 Our Crimes, became for men a Sufferer.

Suffer He did, and was interr'd,  
 And shall fond man refuse  
 To Die for Him, or be afeard  
 To bear, nay, t' see his cross, and chuse  
 Rather to pass a moments pleasure  
 Here, than partake of such a lasting Treasure?

Shame Rouse us, and as He did sleep  
 Three Dayes within the Grave:  
 So let our Sins be buried deep,  
 That They no more Dominion have;  
 Nor hang like Plummets on our thighs,  
 When with our Blessed Saviour we should rise.

Who

(97)

Who for our sakes this Conquest won  
O'r Hell, the Grave, and Death,  
Three that sought Mans Confusion;  
Till Man-with-God-unite, beneath,  
So far prevail'd, as first to Die,  
Then Rose again to Crown the Victorie.

---

*Christ alone the Author and finisher of our Faith.*

W Hilst we beleeve (no more) we but resemble  
The Devils, for Those doe so too, and tremble.  
He who for Mans redemption was sent,  
Will be of true Faith the accomplishment,  
As well as framer, and assurance gives,  
Though yet unseen, of Large Prerogatives,  
As to become Coheirs in that estate  
Which He did purchase for th'regenerate:  
No Others to be quoted are, but all  
Authors besides This One, Apocryphall:  
He opens to's the door to true Beleeef,  
Who seeks t'come in another way's a Thief.

---

*Upon a Thanksgiving day for a Victory.*

T RUE Victory, on Fames wings taught  
To fly aloft,  
So covers all the Plash  
Or Stream wherein her falser tydings wash,  
That none of them more rise,  
Upon our Faiths to Tyrannise,  
But put to plunge what shift to trie,  
Shunning the Hawks pounce, meet the Pole, so die.

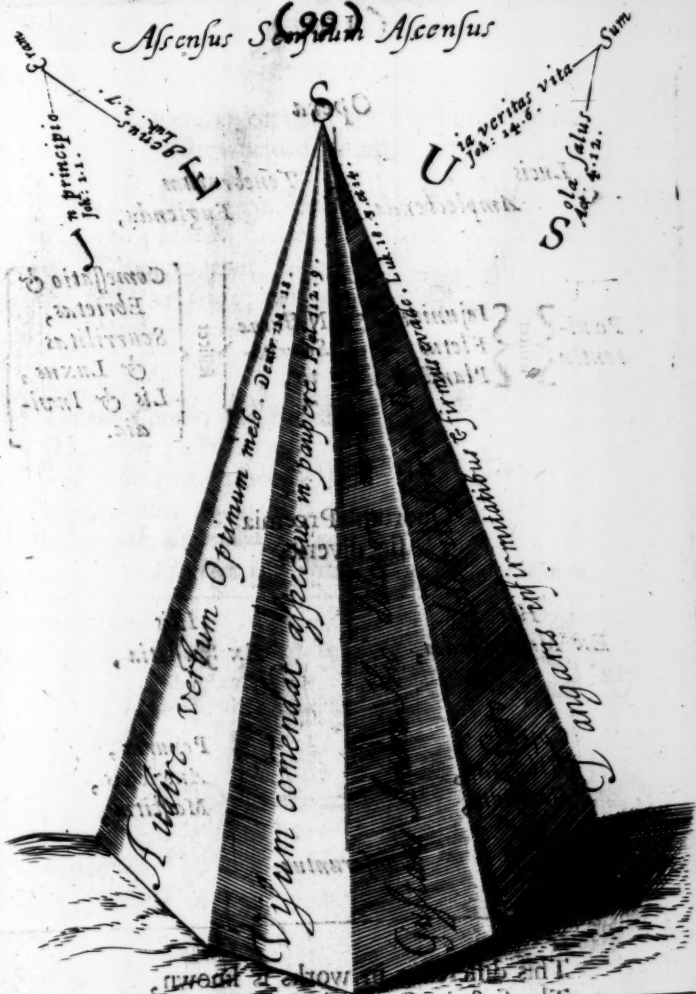


Now as In Aqueducts, the source  
 Must guide the Course,  
 And to the same degree,  
 Heighten the reach of its humiditie,  
 So 'tis but just and even,  
 That Benisons sent down from heaven,  
 Should thither rise again in praise,  
 And fill each Kalendar with Holidayes.

Not such as wont make red-Ink dear,  
 Charging the year  
 In memory, t'express  
 This or that Man's a Saint, could go no less.  
 But by duties t'show  
 Our Thanfulness, and what we owe;  
 As from that Place alone we can  
 Conclude our spring of Blessings first began.

Thus whilst for praise we set apart  
 Both Day and heart,  
 And sweetly doe embrace  
 Gods mercies meeting in his holy place;  
 'Thout question He'l go on  
 To perfect the Conclusion,  
 And crown the Conquest farther, so  
 That that ne'r more be our friend, He deems foe.

Ascensus **(99)** Ascensus



Gloria Pyramidum sileat. Memphis: sensus  
Pyramide ad Dominum quâ libet ne potest.

## Opera

Lucis

Amplectenda,

Tenebrarum

Fugienda,

Pœni-  
sentia

scilicet

Ieiunium  
Fletus  
Planctus

Joel 2. 12.

Nocturna  
Securisa-  
tio,

scilicet

Comessatio &  
Ebrietas,  
Scurrilitas  
& Luxus,  
Lis & Invi-  
dia.

Rom. 13. 13.

Quorum Proemia  
sic diverse,

His

Ex Misericordia,

Illis

Ex Justitia,

Copia,  
Hilaritas,  
Gaudium,Penuria,  
Anxietas,  
Mœstitia,

Conferuntur.

This difference in works is known,  
The first is Gods, t'others our Own.

(101)

*My Embassy.*

Aliter cum Domino & cum Principibus Mundi  
istius negotiandum.

**V**otum Deo si mandatur,  
eOr gemitibus rumpatur,  
sit ocellis fons, in ore  
feruens precis, cum amore  
eleeMosynentur Manus,  
Nec Legatus rediet vanus.

Forma Cordis, sed infecti  
iuvet, os pictura recti,  
neC blandities parcetur,  
donUm dum prameditetur,  
Sub alternum Regem satis,  
Flectent Ista Quem nil gratis.      *Catena*

*Catena Causarum ad Salutem  
pertinentium*



*Man's Hart's Joe linkt to Sin wedded to Vice  
It needs a Chayne to bring it unto Christ.*

## The Seed of the Woman breaks the Serpents head.

(1) Pegasus. (1) *Alipes Astra petens (sic Fabula) gramina rumpit,*  
 (2) Helicon. *In Fontes Montis* (2) *Culmina versa fluunt :*  
 (3) Horat. *Siccantes* (3) *Vatum satiantur* (4) *Nectare vena,*  
 Ovid. Ar. *Ne careant animis* (5) *Carmina digna suis.*  
 (4) Hippocren. *Nec careant dum* (6) *vera subit victoria, frangit*  
 (5) Ob id ani- *Serpentem* (7) *soboles qui Mulieris erat :*  
 mas quasi ha- *Vnde fit ut cunctis virtutum Flumina manant,*  
 bere dicuntur *(8) Vt idicis* (9) *Cunctos premia dumque manent,*  
 urpote & im- *(10) Diluit & (11) siccos, sic Pulvere* (12) *spargit amorem,*  
 mortalia quo- *(13) Purpureum :* (14) *fidus & (15) Diadema capis.*  
 danimodo  
 videntur, &  
 Immortales  
 etiam creasse :

nam, Dignum Laude virum Musa vera mori. (6) Luke 1. 31. (7) Genesis 3. 15.  
 (8) Luke 1. 70. 1 Pet. 1. 10. (9) Math. 10. 41. & 5. 12. (10) 1 Cor. 6. 11.  
 (11) Genus ab humo humanum, & adeo in Peccatis volutum, ut omni Gratiarum succo  
 pro suis vacuum videatur.

(12) Gen. 3. 19 (13) Luke 22. 44. John 19. 34. (14) 2 Pet. 1. 3. (15) 1 Pet. 3. 4.  
 Christi Passio induit fideles Purpurâ: Resurrectio vero & ascensio Coronam addunt Victo-  
 riz, ut ita Secum Reges etiam sumus participesque Patri. Gloriz.

### A Carroll.

Luke 2. **W**As all the world by *Cæsar* tax'd to know,  
 What wealth each Country, City, house could show?  
 Did that Decree extend but just so far  
 As where *Cyrenius* was Governor?  
 Yes sure, where e'r the *Roman* power bore sway,  
 None could dec ine the Doom of *Syria*.  
 So cam't to pass, that He of *David's* stem,  
 Hast'ned from *Nazareth* to *Bethlehem*

With

With his espoused *Mary*, and got there  
 Of what's before time, *Time's* th'accomplisher:  
 Nor would the Darkness of those *Dayes* confess  
 A currency unto such *Preciousness*;  
 But house and *City*, *Countrey*, all three seem  
 To cast upon those *Guests* the *Low'st* esteem;  
 And so the other *Strangers* well may be,  
 Shuffe these *Friends* into the *Ostlerie*.

What doe we less, whilst *Emperour-like* each one  
 Bears o're his lesser world *Dominion*,  
 And freedome hath to tax each *Sense*, to bring  
 Its best of treasure to this *Offering*:

Yet as asleep, or blinde with *Natures* light,  
 We learn to court all *Objects* save the right:  
 And whilst those houses should' been tricked ore  
 For Him alone, they'd let in *Sin* before:  
 The *Cities* of our hearts possess with vice,  
 Will not change garison at any price;  
 So what the *Region* of our *Souls* can grant,  
 Is, t'appear rich in ill, all good to want:  
 Yet though this *Province*, *Fort*, and *Sconces* all  
 Taken, betray'd, and under *Satans* thrall;  
 'Tis not presum'd, but that by *Faith* being led,  
 All these may eas'ly be recovered,  
 Nay, all are won already to that brest,  
 Prepared is to welcome this new guest.

In Sanctum Stephanum Protomartyrem patientem & duritiem Cordium Judæorum Lapidantium.

*M*artyrii dum prima Petris sua Laurea vincit,  
 Saxea Saxosi Corda Manusque gerunt.

*To New-years Day.*

**I**F Eagles shifting but their Bills, have made  
 Their youth return, so years seem retrograde;  
 And if't be true, that every change of Skin  
 To th'creeping brood, doth a new age begin:  
 Or whilst th'eleven Months like food appear  
 To satiate the hungry Janivere.

Why should not man this Riddle too unfold,  
 And be renew'd by putting off the Old?

**Armamenta ad oppugnandos Hostes, Carnem  
 scilicet, Mundum, & Satanam, Maxime necessaria.**

*V*erus Christianus sit,

Ephes. 6.  
 11. &c.

*Veritate Cinctus*

*Iustitiâ armatus,*

*Pacis Calceamento vinctus,*

*Salvatione Galeatus,*

*Super Omne, Fidei scutum*

*Cum Spiritus Ense reddent tutum,*

*Nec deesse potest Ei,*

Heb. 6. 19.

*Uaquam Anchora Firma spei.*

*Charitas*

Coronat.  
Jam: 1. 12.

Lartificat:  
Eclus: 22. 23.

Comparat:  
Jho. 8. 24.

Consolatur  
Rom: 15. 5.

Armat:  
1. The 5. 8.

Salvat:  
Luk. 5. 77.

Nobilitat:  
Vers

Justificat:  
Act: 13. 39.  
Rom: 7. 28.



In stead of Jacobs Ladder heer is one  
 To teach thee how to goe to heav'n upon,  
 His in a Dream did Angels represent  
 Passing both from and to the Firmament  
 But this applide unto thy Heart will guide  
 Thee broad awake, to thy Redemers side.



Amasse Licuit, Quem peccasse poenituit.

*U*n in initio Annorum  
*In*scii,  
*In* Hamum  
*Satanae*,  
*Et Improvidi*  
*Incidimus* :

*Ita Malorum Nostrorum*  
*Conscii*,  
*Ratum*  
*Salvationis*  
*Fide*  
*Capiamus* :

*Tunc — Spes Libertatis erit — si non*  
*amplius nimis — Cura Peculi.*

Zach. 3. 8.  
 Esay 11. 1.

---

**Quid proficiet homini si totum Mundum**  
 lucretur, & perdat Animam suam?

*Qua* sibi lucra facit *Fragilem* *Qui* comparat *Orbem*  
*Totum*, *Animam* cumque *Hic* perdat & *Ipsa* suam:  
*Nulla* *salus* *Terris*, *Brevis* & *mundana* *voluptas*,  
*Cælicolis* *nulla* *est* *turbida* *perpetuò*,  
*Praferat* *immeritis* *Hæc* *splendida* *Lubrica* *Nugis*,  
*Terrestribus* *superum* *nulla* *valoris* *erint.*

Ad quendam tam Potentia quàm Intelligentia  
& Doctrina, Divitiis æquè ac Nobilitate &  
honoribus præditum.

*[I]ngeniosus Homo es, nec quisque Potentior Orbe  
Ditior & vultus, Nobiliorque fuit:  
Partibus eximius juncta est Vigilantia fortis,  
Nec deerat titulis Copia magna tuis.  
Hoc tantum si scire placet (me judice) restat,  
Ut reddas Domino quæ tibi Cuncta dabat.*

*English'd:*

Thou art a witty man, nor's every one  
I'th' world for Power thy Companion;  
In Birth and Riches all thou dost outfly,  
And exc'lent Parts back'd with Authority.  
On Thy arrears this only now may fall,  
Thou spend these to His praise who gave them all.

---

Temporibus hisce Maxime discendum.

*Facile credimus quod volumus:*

*Velimus igitur Bona,  
Et statim credemus*

*Non omni Mendacio,*

*Sed Potius Verbo*

*Veritatis Ipsi.*

*Omnia Anima Potestatibus subserviat superioribus.*

Rom. 13.

Such as stand upon false Bottoms in saving  
their SOULS.

The Ignorant. *Inscius innumeros Domini meditatur Amores,  
Et saluum nihilo se putat esse suo :*  
The Presum- *Alter at indubias Veniarum concipit Artes,*  
puous. *Ut sibi, dum Cunctis Victima Christus erat.*  
The worldly *Mundanis nimium sapit Alter amoribus , atq; Hic*  
Wife. *Sola Deo profert Munera ut accipiat :*  
The morally *Hic quoque civilis fruitur jam tempore vita,*  
Civill. *Nec dubitat Caelis quin fruiturus item:*  
The Hypo- *Sanctior oppositis sibi dum blanditur Inanis*  
crue. *Fictilis, & Meritis se valuisse suis,*  
*Rumpitur, & nullam capit Ille vel Iste salutem,*  
*Durabit Christo qua stabilita Fides.*

In Epiphaniam sive manifestationem Domini.

John 1. 5. *Nonne putes Merito Cacos Qui Luce serenâ*  
Numb. 24. 17. *Nil cernunt, ad quos Phosphorus Ipse venit,*  
Luke 1. 78. *Nec tamen Evigilant? Densâ Caligine Gentes*  
John 3. 19. *Umbrantur Miseri, (vespera tota Dies)*  
Luke 1. 79. *Sed tamen inveniunt stellam, sic noctis Imago*  
Ephes. 5. 8. *Versa est è tenebris quâ duce clara Micat,*  
Matth. 2. 2. *Et Magus in magno meditatur Lumine Divum,*  
2 Thess. 5. 5. *Sponte Novum Astrologos Astrum agitatque viros.*  
Matth. 2. 1. *Sin quorsum hoc rogites? ut sit Manifestus ad Omnes,*  
1 John 3. 5. *Omni Qui in pleno tempore natus erat.*  
1st. 10. 3.   
John 1. 16.   
Luke 2. 6.   
Gal 4. 4.

Natus,

## Natus, Damnatus, Necatus, Glorificatus.

Descendere descendit à Cælis ut (pravitate quâ depreſſiſimus Carnali relicta) ascendamus in Cælos : Pati dignatus in Mundo pro immundis , Vt poſſideant Lucem , Qui meruiſſent Crucem. Morte mulctari ſe præbuit, Vt Vitam capiat, qui Mori debuit. Agnus in Montem paſſus, paſtus & in Montem agnus. Paſtor ſuccumbit Oneri Legis, ut languori ſuccurrat parvuli gregis. Ne deſit Fons, adeſt Mons : ad depremendam ſitem, (Hanc) cape, Veram Vitam: Qui multo cum cruore Mori vellet, ut humanos ab humanis erroribus avellat. Anguis ut à præcipitio redimatur Ingratus; ſanguis Pretioſiſſimi effunditur, & conſoſſum Latus: Tumuli limitibus ſe Captivum tradidit, Vt à Satana Militibus nos Liberos redderet. Sepulchro obdormiſſe Lapideò videtur, ut duritiei Cordis humani obliviſceretur. Morti pro triduo Temporis paret, Mori ut peccatis quotidie nos præparet; & ne quid in Redemptione ſit amiſſum; horrendum Barathri petit Abyſſum. Sed Qui Lux vera eſt, & ab æterno, non manet tenebris nec in Inferno; Aſt Palmam feriens vera victoria, Coronam Fidelibus texnit Gloria. Et ne ſit Fidei Thomæ defectio, Octavo iterum die eſt facta reſurrectio. Poſtquam ab eis per quadraginta Dies notus fuit & conſpectus, Nubem induit & ſuſceptus: à Monte qui Oliveti vocatur ſurſum receptus eſt Pacificator, Cujus readventus eſt futurus, ita cum Judicaturus. Mente Me Deus ſic donet Spirituali, Vt non ſim iterum Reus hujus Mali.

***A Threefold Cord is not easily broken.***

**M**EEK, Lowly, Humble, was that threefold Cord,  
Our Lord,  
To pull us up to Heaven did afford. |

*Ejuy.* He bore the Cross first for us, and became  
A Lambe;  
Wash'd His Disciples feet, to teach the same.

But who takes out this lesson? is not Pride  
Our Guide,  
Envie, Oppression, Malice too beside?

To crows what's good, bleat after Natures call,  
T'enthral  
Others ; set traps t'ensnare their feet with ball.

We can the best of care and thought unbinde,  
To finde  
What may enrich the Body, not the minde.

So still be cumbered about serving much,  
And grutch  
That Others have not equall share in such.

When if our Saviour we beleeve alone,  
But one

**Luk. 10. 42** Thing needfull was, and that was *Maries* owne.

That better permanent part, grant that I  
May try,  
To compass through unfeign'd humility.

# Regula nullo

Deo Gloria

Uni veri solo etſi Triplici Trinuno  
unanimitèr non ſecundum hominis  
fictum, ſed ſui ipſius id eſt veritatis  
verbum Totus inſervire, quoniam  
Non vult participem cultus Ieſus.

Ut ſit Principi Honor

Debitam Obedientiam utpote guber-  
nandi cauſa in nos, ab Ipſo Domino  
in omne ſcilicet quod Mandata non  
exuperet Licita Prapoſito, reddere,  
quoniam Oppugnat Dominum ſper-  
nere Regem.

Reipublicæ ſalus

Tantam tribuere Legum institutioni-  
bus et constitutionibus reverentiam,  
ut in omni actione unam vel alte-  
ram inſtar meta appetitui praſi-  
gere, quoniam ut ſalus Populi ſu-  
prema lex, ſic ſine Legibus nulla  
ſalus Populo.

# gula nullo modo Spernenda.

inuno  
minis  
ritatis  
oniam  
Iesus.

*Veram Devotionem in Deum  
verum, verbo dum sacro  
Fides adhibeatur sancta  
compares.*

guber-  
omino  
a non  
ddere,  
sper-

Sic

*Agnitionem & remunerandi  
observantiam quam humi-  
lem, Grato, Pio, & Patientia  
summa Patrono-Principi.*

Quibuscum  
Armatus

*Nec Papalis heresis  
Nec Fatalis Hypocrisis  
Nec effrenata Anarchia  
Confusionis Anomalia  
Nec Galeata Dementia  
Ex Plebeia Insolentia*

Deterreant.

tion-  
otiam,  
l alte-  
prafi-  
li su-  
nulla

*Pacem sic Tranquillam & ab  
omnibus [ bonis scilicet ]  
maximè optatam Patria.*

Quin Homo Probus  
fis  
Tam uno quam Ambobus.



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been  
 appointed to the various positions in the various departments of the  
 Government of the State of New York, for the year 1890.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

This is a scan of a blank white piece of paper. There are several small, dark specks scattered across the surface, which appear to be dust or artifacts from the scanning process. No text or other markings are present.

T  
A  
C



( III )

Triplex hominum Conditio.	Creatio prima, Gen. 1. 26.	Innocen- tia Cre- atus, Ephes. 4. 24.	Indutus spiritu divino, 1 Cor. 13. 45.	Ab origi- ne quam puro sine labe vel peccato,	Hac cum Fide perce- pisses,
	Deprava- tio secu- da, Gen. 3. 6.	In	Disobe- dientia disloca- tus, Gen. 3. 23, 24.	Captus Dolo serpen- tino, Gen. 3. 4.	Postea in statu nō seculo, utpote horti de- privato,
	Restaura- tio tēr- tia, Gen. 3. 15.		Summa clemen- tia re- dinte- gratus, Rom. 8. 32.	Florens sole ma- tutino, Luke 1. 78.	Donec in Christo redem- pturo tunc cre- dendo suble- vato.
					Et si Mi- serri- mus fu- isses,  Causam Spei in- venisses.  Crux

## In Passionem &amp; Resurrectionem Domini.

*Qui modo tantorum Tumulorum vincula solvit,  
 Carceribus Tumuli traditur Ille novi :  
 Sic Placuit, maculâque anima purgentur ab omni,  
 Sanguine jam proprio diluit Ille suo.  
 Humanum inveniens aperit humus illico venas,  
 Sarcophagus Dominum sed retinere nequit.  
 Quid sedes in Tumulum somnose Miles apertum ?  
 Quem vigilans vigilat Mortis & arma rapit.  
 Cum sociis stupefacta videt Maria Sepulchrum,  
 In queis latitia & Mistâ pavore fuit.  
 Inveniant Dominum veniunt ut Marmore clausum,  
 Mane situs Dominus, nec manet usque diem :  
 Visura gaudent Christum, metuuntque remoto  
 Saxo, dum visus Angelus est Domini.*

---

*Crux Vera*

*Non in Ligno,                      Sed in Signo,*

*Ducis  
 Victoria,  
 Crucis  
 Gloria,*

*Privatio Vita Donatio.*

---

All other CROSSES may disquiet rest,  
 But this was that by which Mankind is blest.

CRU-

## C-R-V-C-J-F-I-G-I-T-V-R:

- urrit ad Exitium Genitrix, repetitque Reatum  
*Filiolus: Pœnas Hic dabit, Illa suas.*
- uminat ut Miseros Rex Inclytus, Alta relinquens  
*Ima petitque, subit Nubila lucis Opus.*
- nicus à sceptris humiles facit Ille recessus  
*Sponte, suam tribuit Qui quoque vita fuit:*
- um brevis è teneri concretæque pulvere forma  
*Quam vitiosa regunt, Ambitiosa velit.*
- uncta Viro Consors, quâ cum de sorte perenni  
*Consulit, & Culpa hac (Morte) perennis erat:*
- actus homo Dominus moritur, sed Morte snacta  
*Commutat fortem, & vita Perennis erit.*
- rritat Superos Gens improba, sed super omne  
*Grata est, quæ à scisso Pectore fusa fluit.*
- ratia pro ingratis datur integra, Fustus Iniquis,  
*Pro Peccatore hac Pectora læsa manent.*
- nduit & nostras humanâ face volutas  
*Naturas, nobis Calica tecta facit.*
- ransfixusque fuit, quo transeat omnis alumnus,  
*Et videat passum pacificumque virum.*
- ictus Amore hominum victus, Captivus & Idem,  
*Ut Libertatis spes modo certa fiet:*
- espice sic Misenum, Miseros qui è gurgite Mortis  
*Eripuit, rapiant Viscera nostra, sua.*

## Spectaculum vere Humilitatis.

C<sub>-m</sub> H<sub>-m</sub> R<sub>-m</sub> I-S T<sub>-ibi</sub> V<sub>-ita</sub> S<sub>-alw.</sub>  
 S<sub>-m</sub> L<sub>-m</sub> M<sub>-ibi</sub> O<sub>-m</sub> N<sub>-m</sub>

If in a glass one would descry  
 Perfect and true Humility;  
 Then goe no farther, but observe  
 He bore the Cross which we deserve.

*Pilat's Inscription.*

Joh. 19. 19

1 Pet. 3. 18

I<sub>n</sub>stus N<sub>-ascens</sub> R<sub>-edimit</sub> I<sub>n</sub>justos.

What PILATE wrote, He wrote, and did refuse  
To alter for the High-Priest of the Jewes:  
This Just mans birth with Prophecie suits well,  
Who came to save the lost of Israel.

Mat. 9. 13.

PILATE R<sub>-emitte</sub> E<sub>-transibit</sub> G<sub>-ravissimo</sub> I<sub>-udicio</sub> S<sub>-ubditis</sub>  
C<sub>-onfiteor</sub> O<sub>-mni</sub> M<sub>-iserere</sub> P<sub>-eccantibus</sub> A<sub>-missis</sub> S<sub>-alutem</sub> I<sub>-n</sub> O<sub>-blatione</sub>

Of All the Vertues happinefs Create,  
None out-shines this, To be Compassionate:  
Mercy the God of Glory doth prefer,  
Although All's other works are singular.  
This Kingly Pattern here before us set,  
Should teach us to forgive, and to forget.

## La Citta Improvida.

J<sub>-acco</sub> E<sub>-versa</sub> R<sub>-uinis</sub> U<sub>-spire</sub> S<sub>-anctum</sub> A<sub>-ngularem</sub> L<sub>-apidem</sub> E<sub>-misi</sub> M<sub>-cum.</sub>

A Building that is Tight and free from weather,  
 Hath all its parts well Cymented together;  
 For where such Unity In it self's away,  
 That structure falls under some quick decay.  
 This City bore but name of Peace alone,  
 Whose Builders did refuse their Corner stone.

## Il vero monte Testaccio.

G<sub>-eris</sub> O<sub>-ssa</sub> L<sub>-uces</sub> G<sub>-loria</sub> O<sub>-mnibus</sub> T<sub>-remor</sub> H<sub>-umilis</sub> A<sub>-lium</sub>

*Memento mori*, or a Deaths-head worn  
 Upon a finger, oft becomes a scorn;  
 For what through use familiar is grown,  
 Nature counts less by apprehension.  
 Yet be advis'd, this Mount of dead mens skuls,  
 A greater dread and terror on thee puls,  
 Who durst by Sins, and loose desires below,  
 Make him again pay that which thou didst ow.

*Easter*

*Easter dayes Resurrexit.*

**S**Et the Cliff higher  
                     Now,  
             And raise  
             Each hearts key,  
 To present a Vow  
             In praise  
 Of him who lately was our buyer,  
             And of this Day  
 Which He makes clearer farr then Other dayes.

For look we back, and there  
             We may with ease  
             See what we were,  
             Transform'd beyond  
             All works, did please  
                     The Maker  
                     So

That whilst He did commend  
 What He had done, Man wrought his endless woe;  
 Nor of those praises longer was partaker.

            Before when known  
                     To be,  
 By Innocencies Liverie,  
 The fairest likeness of Creation;  
             All other Things  
 Were but to Man as Offerings,  
                     Whereby  
             He might maintain  
 The Title of the worlds true Sovereign.

Justice

Justice and Mercy both,  
 The King of Heaven  
 Delights to show ;  
 And in his hands the Scoals doth hold so even,  
 That whilst enforc'd to punish, yet he's loath  
 To overthrow ;  
 And so a way prescribes, wherein  
 Man may revenged be of sin.

To this effect,  
 When He saw time,  
 His Son was sent,  
 That all disgraces of the Crime  
 On Him being spent,  
 No Contumelie or neglect  
 Might lie behinde,  
 To sink into Despair a troubled minde.

So suffered He  
 To set  
 Man  
 Free  
 Again,  
 Whose debt  
 Requir'd no less  
 To recompence  
 The Guiltiness  
 Of so great Disobedience.

Which



(119)

Which bond discharg'd,  
All are enlarg'd,  
Who can through Faith arise  
With Him who Clarifies  
Beyond our apprehension,  
The Splendor this Dayes Skies  
Put on,  
To Embleme His Bright Resurrection.

---

In Diem Natalem etiam & Jejunalem quoniam  
Mercurialem Mensis ultimam.

*Quondam Festa Dies, nunc Jejunantibus apta es,  
Ut Quis non profunt Gaudia Mæsta juvent.*

English'd :

A Holiday thou wast, and art so still;  
For Holy Fasting saves, when Riots kill.

---

In novi Anni Diem Primam Dialogismus.

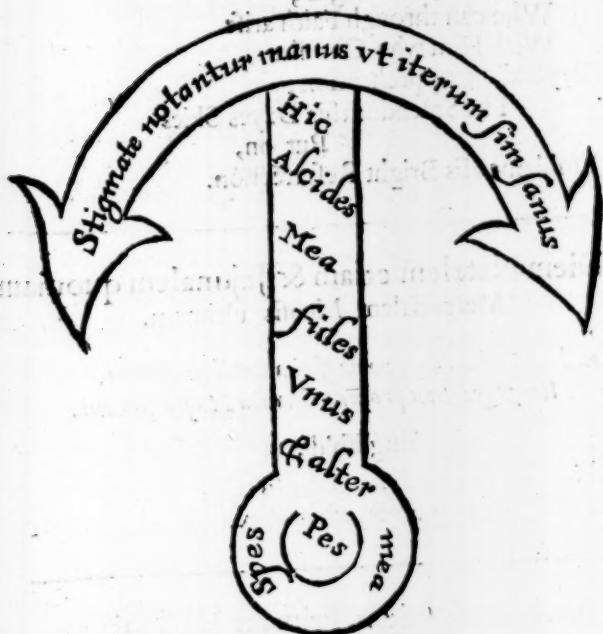
*Ulm novus Annus init, an nos nova Pectora flectent,  
Cum Vetulo Vetulas vin periere vices?  
Quid potius? nam qui memorare novissima certet,  
Immemor errati gaudeat esse sui.*

---

Q

Ineffabilis

Ineffabilis Amor atq; Admirabilis Christi.

(1.) In Crucem.  
alatum.

(2.) Idem.

(3.) Gentiles.

(4.) Ovid. Met.

(5.) Unus labor.

Herculis.

(6.) The old Serpent, the Devil.

(7.) Semen vir-

gini.

(8.) Christ's con-

quest over death.

(9.) Ferendo feris.

(10.) Man had

so offended God,

that nothing but

God and Man

could make

atonement.

(11.) All power was

given him of the

Father, who voluntarily

undertook the work of

our redemption.

(12.) He becoming

the truest Anchor of

our hopes, we cannot

verge out the Cable of

faith upon being

UT manus (1) extensus pandit (2) Crudelibus, Ipsos

(3) Nos velut amplexu comparat Ille suo:

(4) Pythonem innumeris adimens Hydramve (5) sagittis,

Serpentum (6) Proavum, (7) hac una sagitta necat.

Nullus Apollonia saluus fiat arte Neponum,

Nec quisquam Alcidis robore major erit:

Hic tamen hac magni (8) reperit victoria mundi,

(9) Et superat pœnas Ille ferendo suis.

Pauperis est numerare Pecus, duodecimis olim

Herculeanus erat Huic Labor innumerus.

(10) Nempe quod in nostris tanta est numeratio Culpis,

Ut nisi qui possit singula nulla juvet.

(11) Posse &amp; velle suum est, sic nos redempsit iniquos,

Et firmam si iuat Anchora (12) vera Fidem.

(11) All power was given him of the Father, who voluntarily undertook the work of our redemption.  
 (12) He becoming the truest Anchor of our hopes, we cannot verge out the Cable of faith upon being  
 our security against all shipwrecking.

*To my Gracious God.*

**R**etir'd into a Calm of Leisure, Led  
 By Providence thus : grant me busied  
 Here after for My King and Countreys good,  
 The Church and State where I took Livelihood :  
 That in my Calling I may never falter,  
 But hew wood and draw water for thine Altar.

---

*The Object of Love and Power.*

**J**-nspicere  
**E**-mentem  
**S**-acrificantem  
**V**-ictorem  
**S**-acrificium.

Lost Man, when to be sav'd cannot devise  
 To expiate His guilt by Sacrifice ;  
 Till Priest and Prophet, King, and all agree  
 In One, to offer and winn Victory ;  
 This for what's past ; the other act of power  
 He gain'd for us, who is our Saviour.

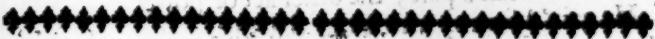
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*Use and Memory Parents to VVisdome.*

**V**Se out of Date, and to Remember  
 Our Saviours Birth, wont blefs *December*,  
 Cry'd down : What may we judge by these?  
 But this, That Wisdome's in decrease,  
 And certainly must Folly own,  
 When other Parents are not known.



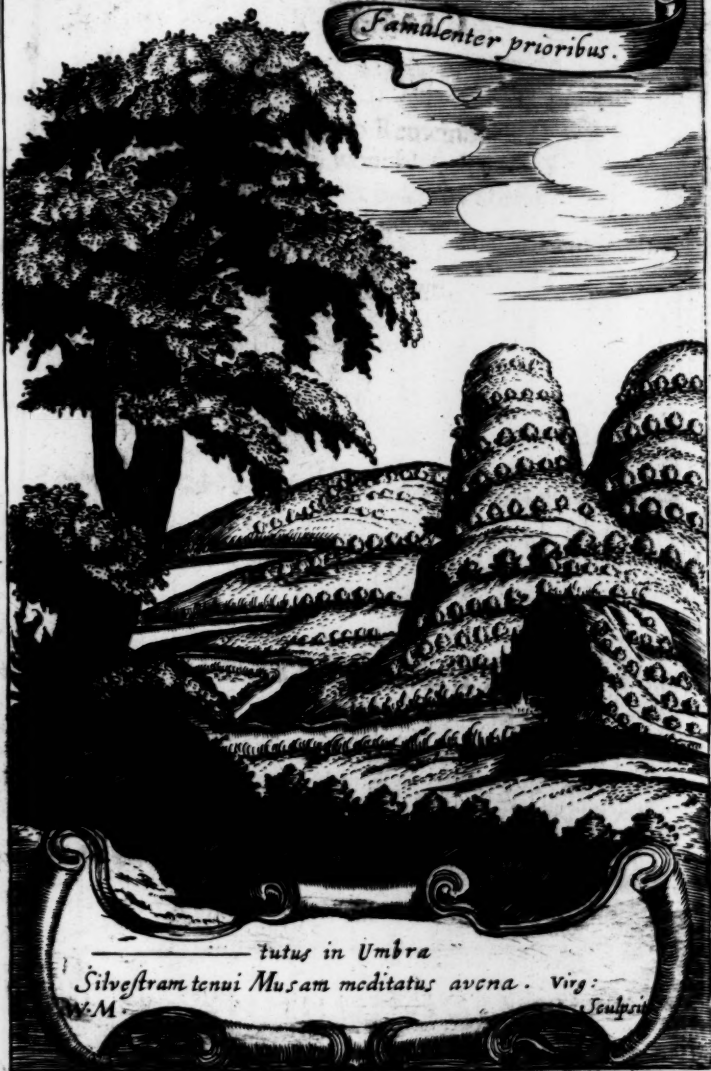
*The End of the First Part.*



(133)



*Famulenter prioribus.*



*tutus in Umbra*

*Silvestram tenui Musam meditatus avena. Virg:*

*M.*

*Sculptor*

To my Book, upon the second Part, and  
the Title Page.

Famulentur Prioribus.

**T**Hy first Part bears a stamp Divine,  
And so may pass for currant Coin;  
Though *Momus* Cark, and *Zoilus* bark,  
Thou art preserv'd as in an Ark:  
For what one doth by Faith apply,  
No flood of Envie can destroy.  
Yet how to help thee at a lift,  
That must be now my Second drift:  
For seeing thou wilt not alone  
Come forth, but be attended on;  
It's fit thy servant still should be,  
Adorn'd with modest Loyaltie;  
Such as the Hills, and Groves, and Brooks  
Afford the Fancy, 'stead of Books;  
And help Contentedness to wade,  
Though not to swim under a shade  
Of such Security may give  
'Gainst heat and cold Prerogative  
Defence: where no times rayes or Thunder  
Shall blast or scorch those so lie under.

But who themselves in Peace can thus read ore,  
Need but be thankfull, and ne're wish for more.

The

## The Second Part.

*Humane Science Handmaid to Divine.*

Famulentur Prioribus.



Ll were not Cedars that grew on  
 The Top of Towing *Lebanon*,  
 But here and there some less Plant set  
 To give attendance on the great :  
 So have I seen a grove of Pine  
 Becircled with Eglantine ;  
 A Towle of Oaks that seem'd the higher,  
 For over-looking of the Brier ;  
 The Beech, Ash, Elm, tak't not in scorn  
 From the low Shrub and prickly Thorn  
 That underneath their shades they dwell,  
 And guard their roots as Sentinell :  
 Meadows, and Fields, and Gardens all  
 Produce both simples, Med'cinall,  
 And herbs of less esteem, yet these  
 May some one sense or other please.  
 Fountains with Crystall may compare,  
 As they run out are known to share  
 With this and that Land-water, til  
 They colour change, yet Rivers fill.  
 And if I would my Fancy rear,  
 To lineat a day most clear ;  
 It should be such a one, wherein  
 Some wooll-pack Clouds in corner's been.  
 Thus the wise God of Nature chose  
 All things in order to dispose :  
 And Humane Raptures onely doth command  
 As servants to Divine, to wait at hand.



*Occasioned by seeing a Walk of Bay-trees.*

NO Thunder blasts *Ioves* Plant, nor can  
 Misfortune warp an honest Man;  
 Shaken He may be, by some one  
 Or other Gust, Unleav'd by none:  
 Though tribulation's sharp and keen,  
 His Resolutions keep Green;  
 And whilst Integrity's his wall,  
 His Year's all Spring, and hath no Fall.

---

*Inter Acus & Aculeos pugna.*

MAN like a little world, opens a pack  
 Of Government, to all such Climes as lack;  
 Wherein those humors that disturb the health,  
 For Power, doe represent a Common-wealth;  
 And Nature (uncontrowlably) would try,  
 To subject all under her Monarchy;  
 But in that Conflict findes no small disease,  
 Whilst all restrain'd Authorities displease.  
 Here may we see as from a Chaos spun,  
 Discord, at push of pike; and Factions t'run  
 A tilt: so break int' shivers and destroy  
 The strict command of eithers soveraignty.  
 Yet neither Title need we fear to leese,  
 Sithence there's both King and Common-wealth  
 ('mongst Bees.

## Sorte tua sis Contentus.

Dum fremit immodicis rapiturque voragine ventis,  
 Et vetat irato Gurgite Navis iter,  
 Littoribus Placidum Pelagus, non Indica reddens  
 Munera, sed Conchâ dat propiore dapes.  
 Elige quod mavis est, Tumidos insistere Fluctus  
 An Portum, Exitium quærere, sive bonum:  
 Tentet Avarus Opes, & Amara pericula Ponti,  
 Tuta cupit modicis rebus inesse Fides.  
 Quamvis Castra petas, Fora vel Togatus Amasses,  
 Invenias Laqueis hæc comitata suis:  
 Sola manet requies Animo Quem jurgia nulla,  
 Nulla vaporiferaque Ambitionis habent.  
 Sed satur, in propria formentur pectore pacis  
 Semina, quæ fugiant Militiam atque Forum:  
 Gaudeat umbriferis Sylvæ pro Classe, Loquaces  
 Lympharumque Choros Curia nec sileat.  
 Namque Avibus junctis repetitur murmure cantus,  
 Et saltabundum cernat ubique Pecus:  
 Gramineis locuples jactet jam terra tapetis,  
 Et violæ soboles sub sepe cæpta ferunt.  
 Pisciculis avidis Esca est inimica voracem  
 Dum Condens hamum, sic cupidus capiens.  
 Nec minus Agricola dum tendit retia Turdus  
 Præda fit, aut Visco fallitur Ipse suo:  
 Si sequeris Leporem, pedibus petit Ille salutem,  
 Currenti stimulos addit & Ipse metus.  
 Sin Rubis evigiles tremulas multo cane Damas,  
 Ostendunt nemori non adhibenda Fides.  
 Sis ubicunque velis, facias modo quid libet, Omne  
 Te Cruciat, Menti ni sit amica quies.

# Insula Britannica ad seipsam.

*Quid moror in terras? Pinus descendit in undas,  
 Et tondet Vitreas Classica sylva comas.  
 Gallia, quid profers? quid Tu Teutonica tentas?  
 Hesperiesque tuis quidve Carina Malis.  
 Num dabitis Legem Oceano Mihi Fura negantem,  
 Littora Cui, Liquidus paret & Oceanus.  
 Conficiam eximias Aurato tegmine Puppis,  
 Signentur Rubra candida vela cruce.  
 Ne caream verbis ubi Rectum querere Ius est,  
 Pulmones strenuos, Ærea Lingua vomet.  
 Mænia si quisquam violenti fulmine tundet,  
 Lignea forte putet, Igneaque inveniet.*

---

## Chloris Complaint.

**D**Oe not the Planets (howsoever  
 They wander) still retain a proper sphere?  
 And seasons serve the year to bless,  
 Although the Storms and Tempests are no less?  
 Seem not becalmed Seas more fair,  
 Than if th'had never been irregular?  
 And shall fond Man alone be said,  
 To be of all things else unpacifi'd?  
 Lions to Lions kinde, and Bears  
 Friendly to such; so Wolves partake o'th' fears  
 With their pursued kin; The fell-  
 Est Tyger can with her associate dwell:  
 And yet (as if unhuman'd) we  
 By no means with each other can agree;

( 130 )

So that (we may degenerate  
From Natures mandate) all our Passion's hate,  
And where a Mischief may befall,  
All Disposition's turn'd to Prodigall ,  
Nor is there for Compassion  
Left any room (now t's out of fashion,)  
    Befriend me wind, I'll try the wave,  
Though some ther be must sink, yet som 't may save,  
    My Kalendar yet marks out spring,  
Dis-gust may shake, not blast the Blossoming.  
    And therefore as I roav'd astray,  
'Tis reconciling Truth points now the way,  
    In which I would be thought as farr  
From variation, as the fixedst Starr ;  
    But with a constant shining thence,  
Serve King and Countrey by my Influence.

---

### My Newyears-gift to the Times.

*NOVUM aperiens Ianitor nunc Annum,  
Iani Bisfrontis Quis Nothus Caesarum,  
Restet ob victam longè Britanniam,  
Templa clausurus iterum Britannicis ?  
    Barbariem nunquam, (vel raro saltem)  
    Tam feram memini Legisse seclis  
        Vt jam ostenditur,  
        Fratres in Fratres,  
        Filia Filiique,  
        Obedientiâ omni,  
        Tanquam protinus soluti,  
In matres etiam & in Patres,  
        Vim ferunt rapide,  
        Parentes mutuo*

*Natos*

Natos nataſque maxima  
Habent Odio,

Sexus, Etates licet numeras,  
Diſſenſionum undique querulas;  
Rixasque intelligis & Invidia  
Artes miniſtrantur aſſidue;

Majorem ſub Leonino  
Temperiem invenias Axe, vel Canino,  
Tam fervida

Torquet Alterutrinque Ira,  
Adeoſque torret Diſcordiarum Flamma,  
Ut deſtruit & conſumit Omnia:

Friget in hoc aſtu tamen,  
Charitatis ſolamen,  
Et quicquid ſevitia  
Produxit unquam Scythia:

Glacialis Sphæra,

Hujus inimicitia

Fiat Imago vera.

Bellica fuimus

Præda Romanis,

Nec non Saxonibus;

Quondamque Danis,

Vicinis etiam victima Normannis.

Aſt in Poſtremo

Hoc (abſente Populo)

Qui nos confundat Seculo,

Ipoſmet petimus

Et pro Purpureo victore,

Quiſque nunc tingitur Fratris Cruore.

*The Fift of November, being in Kent a stony Countrey.*

**A**M I in *Kent*? and can I be no more  
 Befriended than to want a Stone to score  
 That scape from Danger; which had it o'r-come,  
 Might have both Conquer'd *Kent* and *Christendome*.  
 Dye-mans although not rare now, Rubies are  
 Through our Dissentions made peculiar  
 Blaz'ners of Vertues Heraldry: nor can  
 The Tincture serve of the Cornelian;  
 The Topaz, Saphire, and the Emrald may  
 On fingers worn, proclaim it Holiday:  
 But I must finde a whiter, though it came  
 Not far, but whence fair *Albion* took its name,  
 The Cliffs of *Dover*, on whose Candid Brest  
 I shall presume to share an interest  
 On this Occasion, that no Rubricks spell  
 May henceforth in some *Bookers* Chronicle  
 Eclipse my glory, or exempt my praise,  
 By ranking me amongst the Workedayes.  
 Surely the Dye that black design put on,  
 Would crave the best of all, and whitest Ston  
 To mark that Providence, which did prevent  
 The mischief of that vap'ring Element:  
 Which Hatch'd below, should our Conceptions rouse,  
 (In that before it grew pernicious,  
 The Shell was crack'd; and so that enterprife  
 Was vanquish'd, with th'abortive Cockatrice)  
 First to the great Deliverer, and then  
 A freedom of acknowledgment 'mongst men,  
 That all of them may (as their fortunes are)  
 Spend something on a solemnizing care.  
 And as the Powder should have been our chance,  
 Now let 'texpress loud our deliverance.

Anglia

*Anglia Hortus.*

THE Garden of the world, wherein the Rose  
 In chief Commanded, did this doubt propose  
 To be resolv'd in; Whether sense to prise  
 For umpire to Create it Paradise:  
 One led by th'Eare of Philomel tels tales,  
 And straightway calls't the land of Nightingales;  
 An Other sharper sighted, ravish'd, cries,  
 O that I could be turn'd now all to eyes!  
 A Third receiv'd such raptures from the taste  
 Of various dainty fruits, that it surpast;  
 A Fourth was caught (not with perfume) commends  
 The Indian Clime, but what here Nature lends;  
 Last, if you would Sattins or Velvets touch,  
 For soft and smooth, Leaves can afford you such.  
 And thus dispos'd, whilst every Sense admires,  
 'Tis senseless t'plant 'mongst Roses, Thistles, Briars.

---

*Naumachia.*

In Pugnam Navalem inter *Hispanos & Batavos*, die  
 Octobris, Anno 1639. Commissam in freto  
 vulgò *Le manche*; ubi victoria His, ruina  
 quàm foelicissimè Illis accidit.

*Castiliana suos arduos linquere Portus  
 Justa est Neptuno & frigidiorè frui:  
 Occurrit Liquidis Teutonica classis ab Oris,  
 Vt Ligno huic Ignem suppeditare queat.*

*Sole*

*Sole exusta suo solvit de littore Puppis,  
 Frangitur & Tepidis Artibus inter aquas.  
 Bella gerunt Homines, nec non Elementa vicissim,  
 Contendunt vires notificare suas.  
 Ignea sublimes vis occupat, Altera mergit  
 Tumosa Aërios Ambitionis habet :  
 Sola manet nostras Terrestriatuta salutes  
 Conditio : maneat sic stabilita Diu.*

Ab Aqua &  
 Igne libera-  
 vit nos Do-  
 mus.

---

**Ad Amicum super quatuor Anni Tempora**  
 & quatuor Ætates hominum-Comparative.

*B*rumalis seculi inconstantia,  
 Te reddat Mæstum ab Infantia,  
 Ver præbeat Flores vanitatis  
 Ideo juventutis, satis  
 Viribus Virilis atas,  
 In Æstate cum nil metas  
 Æstuet vano : dum senescis  
 Para fructum, adest mæsis.  
 Æstivum, Hyemale, vernum,  
 Ceres ducunt in æternum.

---

*My happy Life, to a Friend.*

**D**earest in Friendship, if you'll know  
 Where I my self, and how bestow,  
 Especially when as I range,  
 Guided by Nature, to love change :  
 Beleeve, it is not to advance  
 Or add to my inheritance ;

Seeking



Seeking t'engross by Power (amiss)  
 What any other Man calls his :  
 But full contented with my owne,  
 I let all other things alone ;  
 Which better to enjoy 'thout strife,  
 I settle to a Countrey life ;  
 And in a sweet retirement there,  
 Cherish all Hopes, but banish fear ;  
 Offending none ; so for defence  
 Arm'd Capapee with Innocence ;  
 I doe dispose of my time thus,  
 To make it more propitious.

First, my God serv'd ; I doe commend  
 The rest to some choice Book or Friend,  
 Wherein I may such Treasure finde  
 T'inrich my nobler part, the Minde.  
 And that my Body Health comprise,  
 Use too some moderate Exercise ;  
 Whether invited to the field,  
 To see what Pastime that can yield,  
 With horse, or hound, or hawk, or t' bee  
 More taken with a well-grown Tree ;  
 Under whose Shades I may reherse  
 The holy Layes of Sacred Verse ;  
 Whilst in the Branches pearched higher,  
 The wing'd Crew sit as in a quier :  
 This seems to me a better noise  
 Than Organs, or the dear-bought voice  
 From Pleaders breath in Court and Hall  
 At any time is stockt withall :  
 For here one may (if marking well)  
 Observe the Plaintive Philomel

Bemoan her sorrows; and the Thrush  
 Plead safety through Defendant Bush:  
 The Poppingay in various die  
 Performes the Sergeant; and the Pie  
 Chatters, as if she would revive  
 The Old Levite prerogative,  
 And bring new Rotchets in again;  
 Till Crowes and Jackdaws in disdain  
 Of her Pide-feathers, chase her thence,  
 To yeeld to their preheminance:  
 For you must know't observ'd of late,  
 That Reformation in the State,  
 Begets no less by imitation,  
 Amidst this chirping feather'd Nation;  
 Cuckoes Ingrate, and Woodcocks some  
 Here are, which cause they't seasons come,  
 May be compar'd to such as stand  
 At Terms, and their returns command;  
 And lest Authority take cold,  
 Here's th'Ivyes guest of wonder, th' Owl,  
 Rufft like a Judge, and with a Beak,  
 As it would give the charge and speak:  
 Then 'tis the Goose and Buzzards art  
 Alone, t'perform the Clients part,  
 For neither Dove nor Pigeon shall,  
 Whilst they are both exempt from gall.  
 The Augur, Hern, and soaring Kite,  
 Kalendar weather in their flight;  
 As doe the Cleanlier Ducks, when they  
 Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play;  
 With the fair Cygnet, whose delight  
 Is to out-vie the snow in white.

And

And therefore alwayes seeks to hide  
 Her feet, lest they allay her pride.  
 The Moor-hen, Dobchick, Water rail,  
 With little Washdish or Wagtail;  
 The Finch, the Sparrow, Jenny Wren,  
 With Robin that's so kinde to men;  
 The Whitetail, and Tom Tit obey  
 Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay;  
 The Lyrick Lark doth early rise,  
 And mounting, payes her sacrifice;  
 Whilst from some hedg, or close of furs,  
 The Partridge calls its Mate, and churrs;  
 And that the Countrey seem more pleasant,  
 Each heath hath Powt, and wood yeelds Pheasant;  
*Juno*es delight with Cock and Hens  
 Turkeys, are my Domestick friends:  
 Nor doe I bird of Prey inlist,  
 But what I carry on my Fist:  
 Now not to want a Court, a King-  
 Fisher is here with Purple wing,  
 Who brings me to the spring-head, where  
 CrySTALL is Lymbeckt all the yeere,  
 And every Drop distils, implies  
 An Ocean of Felicities;  
 Whilst calculating, it spins on,  
 And turns the Pebbles one by one,  
 Administring to eye and eare  
 New Stars, and musick like the Sphere;  
 When every Purle Calcin'd doth run,  
 And represent such from the Sun:  
     Devouring Pike here hath no place,  
     Nor is it stor'd with Roach or Dace;

The Chub or Cheven not appeare,  
 Nor Millers Thumbs, nor Gudgeons here,  
 But nobler Trowts, beset with stones  
 Of Rubie and of Diamonds,  
 Bear greatest sway; yet some intrench,  
 As sharp-finn'd Pearch, and healing Tench;

The stream's too pure for Carp to lie,  
 Subject to perspicuitie,  
 For it must here be understood,  
 There are no beds of sand and Mud,  
 But such a Gravell as might pose  
 The best of Scholars to disclose,  
 And books and learning all confute,  
 Being clad in water Tissue sute.

These cool delights help'd with the air  
 Fann'd from the Branches of the fair  
 Old Beech or Oak, enchantments tie  
 To every senses facultie;  
 And master all those powers should give  
 The will any prerogative:  
 Yet when the scorching Noon-dayes heat,  
 Incommodates the Lowing Neat,  
 Or Bleating flock, hither each one  
 Hastes to be my Companion.  
 And when the Western Skie with red-  
 Roses bestrews the Day-stars bed:  
 The wholsome Maid comes out to Milk  
 In russet-coats, but skin like silk;  
 Which though the Sun and Air dies brown,  
 Will yeeld to none of all the Town  
 For softness, and her breaths sweet smell,  
 Doth all the new-milcht Kie excell;

She

She knows no rotten teeth, nor hair  
 Bought, or Complexion t'make her fair;  
 But is her own fair wind and dress,  
 Not envying Cities happiness:  
 Yet as she would extend some pitty  
 To the drain'd Neat she frames a ditty,  
 Which doth inchant the beast, untill  
 It patiently lets her Paile fill;  
 This doth the babbling Eccho catch,  
 And so at length to me't doth reach:  
 Straight roused up, I verdict pass,  
 Concluding from this bonny Lads,  
 And the Birds strains, 'tis hard to say  
 Which taught Notes first, or she, or they:  
 Thus ravish'd, as the night draws on  
 Its sable Curtain, in I'm gon  
 To my poor Cell, which cause 'tis mine,  
 I judge it doth all else out-shine,  
 Hung with content and weather-proof,  
 Though neither Pavement nor roof  
 Borrow from Marble-quarr below,  
 Or from those Hills where Cedars grow.  
 There I embrace and kiss my Spouse,  
 Who like the *Vesta* to the house,  
 A Sullibnb prepares to show  
 By care and love what I must owe.

Then calling in the Spawn and fric,  
 Who whilst they live ne'r let us die;  
 But every face is hers or mine,  
 Though minted yet in lesser Coin,  
 She takes an Apple, I a Plumbe,  
 Encouragements for all and some:

Till in return they crown the herth  
 With innocent and harmless merth,  
 Which sends us Joyfull to our rest,  
 More than a thousand others blest.

---

**De Imperatorum Julianorum lineæ ultimo**  
**Et Sulpitii five Electorum primo.**

*UT Cadat infelix nec sicca morte Tyrannus,  
 Vindictam Patriæ Vindictis Arma dabant :  
 Nempe Neronis erat Fatum dum terruit urbem,  
 Tandem terrifico succubuisse Iugo.  
 Sic Calvum Galbam appellant, sceproque recepto,  
 Temnunt Calvitiem Plebs opinata suam.  
 Quid tu Casareo gauderes nomine Sergi ?  
 Cum non Casaries ulla relicta tibi.  
 Imperium si fortè velit supplere relictum,  
 Debuit & Capiti Comperiisse Comas.*

English'd thus :

That the unhappy Nero might be said  
 To fall most like a Tyrant, not in bed.  
*Vindex* in France rais'd Armes, and sought thereby  
 To vindicate the wrongs of Italy :  
 The Fates were just to Him, so frighted Rome,  
 Making at last fear Master of his doom :  
 So Bald-pate *Galba* to the Throne did rise,  
 Whom straight the Common-people 'gan despise,  
 Crying, Why shouldst thou *Cæsars* name put on,  
 When all the hair grew on thy head was gone ?  
 If He the Empires Barque anew would rigg,  
 He should have brought with him a Periwigg.

,In

## In quendam Fictilem infirmi Corporis.

*Infirnum & fragile est Corpus tibi (Fictile) verum  
Mens tua sub curvo corpore recta latet.*

---

## Placet in Vulnus, Maxima cervix.

*FLagranti stomacho Turdus vorat undique Zuras,  
Dum ferit arte gelu frigidior Diem :  
Sic modo Pinguescens capitur, citiusque paratis,  
Ancipis ingenii præda petenda jacet.  
Sapius hoc discat Ditescens atque Gulosus,  
Sic moderare dapes ut sibi lucra fiant.  
Prospera nam subito mutantur tempora lapsu,  
Et latet in pulchro gramine Mortis acus.*

---

Upon a Journey of His Majesty's into Scotland,  
and His safe Return.

**T**He Planets whilst they move in severall Spheres,  
Cut out our time in weeks, in months, in yeeres,  
In Night and Day ; whose revolutions bring  
The day, night, week, month, yeer into a Ring.  
What doe our Princes les, when they goe forth  
A Progress West or East, or South or North?  
Is not the first step that they forward set,  
The Suns, when He his Golden locks doth wet  
In *Thetis* lap, to all that stay behinde ?  
Is not the world Eclips'd to them, and blinde ?

Doe

Doe not all Minutes stretch, and seem to grow  
 Each to an hour, to such as think them so ?  
 Doe not our crost, yet longing hopes, present  
 Each hour a month or year in banishment ?  
 They doe : and 'twas not long since we were they  
 Who stood as Exil'd from our Star of Day ;  
 Whilst visiting Those parts whence He did rise,  
 He cast a **Generall** splendor o'r those Skies,  
 Leaving us onely *Cynthia* and her Train,  
 To gives us hopes He would return again :  
 And so he doth enrich again our Sky,  
 Bringing those hopes unto maturity,  
 Our Clime with Tropick's changed, and the same  
 Season of day, now lengh of night doth claim :  
 Those onely who by Elevation  
 Before enjoy'd a lucid Horizon,  
 Once yearly now with more perfection shine  
 A whole month, *Phæbus*, suffering no decline :  
 Did I but call't a month ? They deem'd it less,  
 If they could apprehend their happiness ;  
 And we I'm sure had reason t'think it more,  
 Than many Ages counted ore and ore.  
 For as the Suns withdrawing leaves one world,  
 Into a Winters Tyrannie t'be hurld,  
 Whilst it doth bless an Other ; so 'twas thus  
 In *Scotland*, *June* ; but *February* with us  
 Till his return ; which chang'd the Season quite,  
 Then ours with Corn, with Snow their hills were white ;  
 The night that was resignes, and day's begun  
 With us already by our Gracious Sun.  
 Let Them pass Envie-free who boast them may  
 In the possession of this Month or Day ;  
 For time wrapt up in swiftness doth appear  
 When past, as if an Age were but a year,



A year a month, a month a week, and That  
 An houre or minute, whilst we console  
 Our selves may in this blifs; that future time  
 Seems alwayes slower-winged in its Clime:  
 Their Jubile was short and quickly gone,  
 Ours under CHARLES is a Perpetuall one.

---

**In quendam nomine Stone-house.**

*S*axea Pulchra Domus frons est sed nulla fidenda,  
 Nam si Ipsam introeas, invenies vacuum.

---

**To N. B. an Angler.**

THou that dost cast into the Silver brook  
 Thy worm-fed Hook,  
 The greedier Fishes so to cheat  
 Seeking for meat;  
 Remember that Times wheel will bring  
 Thy deeds to censuring;  
 And then as thou through wile  
 Those Creatures didst beguile,  
 So caught thou'lt be for thy deceit,  
 And made the food for thine own bait.  
 Let this suffice to cause thee t'steer aright,  
 Both day and night;  
 That skilfully avoyding this,  
 That Shelf thou mis;,  
 For 'tis not all for to repent  
 Thy youthfull Dayes misspent,  
 But care must now be had,  
 The future be not bad.  
 And as thine Audit waxeth near,  
 So Thy accounts make perfecter.

T

In

## In Quendam Glareosam.

*Quisquis Te docuit Præceptor, fecit & Idem  
Littora Qui & sterilem bobus aravit Humum.*

---

## Amoris Sigillum.



*C-orpore Cor latitans nondum est manifeste notatum,  
O-re, neque ingenio semper inesse queat:  
N-empè quod eximium est pretiòque notabile cernunt,  
D-ifficiles aditus Cordis & alter opus.  
I-nnocuos quæ corda viros, faciântve Fideles,  
A-similent animis Pectus & Ora suis.*

## English'd :

Mans heart Lockt up within his secret brest,  
Cannot by tongue or Gesture be exprest;  
For what's of to great worth, we must suppose,  
It is a work of power to disclose:  
Such hearts as make Men faithfull and upright,  
Are those at once both Looks and Mindes unite.

## Genii Hujus Laris &amp; Penatum salutatio ;

Ad Rivulum Stanliacum nuper in stagnum  
hoc Mervordianum Ductum.

O Dulce Flumen Vitreum,  
Fundens Crystallum Liquidum  
In Mare Hoc Domesticum,  
Tu verum Nectar Piscium :

Mulces & Allicis dum curris  
Somnos, Muscis susurris :  
Nec evigilat Cadentis  
Aqua vestra ut Torrentis.  
Liceat Rhodano Loquaci  
Strepitus, quoniam fugaci :  
Domum Hanc Circundatam,  
Munis & reddis Insulam ;  
Sicut Orbem dat Rotundum  
Thetis, Tu cingis hunc Mundum.

Afferat Hortorum Decus  
Priapus, Pan donet Pecus :  
Tu silvane mittas flores,  
Cypria Hic conslet Amores,  
Dearum seu Deorum Chorus,  
Totus fiat Munificus,  
Ut pro splendore laude Digno  
Undecimo addaris signo :  
Tunc Omni Numine propitio,  
Frui detur sacrificio.

*Virtus vera Nobilitas.*

**W**Hat doth He get who ere prefers  
 The Scutchions of His Ancesters;  
 This Chimney-peice of Gold or Brasse,  
 That Coat of Armes Blazon'd in glasse;  
 When those with time and age have end,  
 Thy Prowess must thy self commend.  
 The smoory shadows of some one  
 Or Others Trophees carv'd in stone,  
 Defac'd, are things to whet, not try  
 Thine own Heroicism by.  
 For cast how much thy Merits score  
 Falls short of those went thee before;  
 By so much art thou in arrear,  
 And stain'st Gentility I fear.  
 True Nobleness doth those alone engage,  
 Who can add Vertues to their Parentage.

---

*Upon a Roe.*

*T*'Ramite nil metuat recto Qui incedere vellet  
 Capreolus; casus devia Rupis habent.

---

*Upon a Cock.*

*A*m mea Nocturnos Pellat vigilantia somnos,  
 Nuntius Aurora dummodo Gallus adest.

*Upon*

*Upon King CHARLES return out of  
Scotland in November, 1641.*

**D**Oth CHARLES return to make our Climate shine,  
And shall not every Spring run Claret-wine?  
Is not the Kalendar reverſt, and where  
*Decembers* dirt, and th' Frost of *Janivere*,  
Threatn'd a winter, now thoſe ſheets diſplay  
Themſelves ore fruitfull *June*, or teeming *May* :  
For thus as 'thin the Tropicks may we boaſt,  
That two fair Seasons have twice bleſt our Coaſt  
Ere one whole year ran round : The time He went  
Seeming the Springs forerunner, or our Lent ;  
For ſo He was but borrowed, and we reſt  
Pleaſ'd with's return alone, who's intereſt  
Sufficient of Himſelf, in which bank lies  
The Treafure of His ſubjects hearts and eyes :  
See how they Flock elſe, and with tumbling haſt  
Are leſs content becauſe ſo ſoon He paſt.  
Be ſatisfi'd, ye have your Prince again,  
Fro'th' North, and CHARLES triumphant, not in Wain.

---

In quendam nomine Squier,  
haud Generoſum.

*Armiger eſ neque Arma geris, non Martis at Artis,  
Indutus Galea eſ Ingenioque vales.*

*Upon the King and Queens meeting  
after long absence.*

**T**He welcome showers of *Aprils* morning dew  
Distill'd upon the Bosom of the Earth  
Beget a *May*; whose Liverie anew  
Cloaths Fields and Woods, and there creates such mirth  
Amidst the winged Quier; that Eccho tells  
It ore again from Natures Minstrells.

The Spicie Gumms that so perfume the East,  
To bid the Sun good-morrow; are not more  
Esteem'd for that, than is the golden West,  
But that of Treasures Both have hidden store,  
Is manifest: no perils can deter  
The forward hopes of the Adventurer.

No world, no season, spring, summer, nor fall  
In Fruits, in Flowers, Treasures could e're present  
Such sweet and wealthy Joyes Harmoniall  
From Countrey, or from Element:  
As when our Gracious King and his bright Queen,  
Did after Twelve months parted interveen.

**In Sim. & Lev. Pot. & Top.**

**N***atura His par est, Vitio nam non caret Alter,  
Et virtute Carens Alter, uterque Opibus.*

## Cordium Concordia vera.



It is not meant, that three in one should be,  
 But in each heart triple Capacitie,  
 Wherewith to serve ones God, ones King, ones Friend,  
 To which assign'd, and for no other end;  
 In Flaming Zeal upwards to mount again,  
 In Loyalty to own a Sovereign,  
 In mutuall Love society r'maintain.

---

*To N. B. for his Company.*

**F**Riend, Can I be at home, and you the same,  
 Yet neither meet?  
 The Curteous Flame the Flame,  
 And Streams each other greet,  
 Although it seem from either Pole they came,  
 Or farthest stretch'd  
 Meridian fetch'd.

Surely

Surely it is but some malignant Starr  
 That would debarr  
 This Influence, for fear  
 We should more bright appear :  
 Souls in Conjunction frame the perfect'st Sphere,  
 So I to you must move, or you move here.

---

### Ad Amicum, de Vita Beata.

*M*E qualem capiat fudice Formulam,  
 Vita Commodius Tempora solvere :  
 Nec tantum tenui pareat Illici,  
 Quem frangant Aquilones ; neque vertici  
 Pinus stellifera fideat ut arduo :  
 Imis non Careant Cœlica Culmina,  
 Dormitque Occiduis Lucifer Alpibus.

Non est ut nihilo Laudève Parvulo  
 Speret maxima ; nam semper honoribus  
 Tantis præfigitur Lubrica Scalula ; que  
 Ergo, nec cupiat Ditiore ut fiet  
 Ponti Teutonici Littore : Fertileque  
 Agro vivere Fagis celeberrimo  
 Nondum nunc Placeat : Vineæ Ripula  
 Secretis liceat sit nota passibus  
 Mentem nec laceret, Pondera talibus  
 Incumbunt Gravia : est Montis Acutuli  
 Ditantem-Locum ut in subsidium petat.  
 Alis Si-Lineis pervolet aquora  
 Quisquam, Naufragium vix fuget ultimum :  
 Et si in Remiget Omnibus Annibus.



Portus non Aditum hic invenit Ullibi;  
 Nam Quot in Tonitru Hesperies Vomit,  
 Dotes provideant Indica viscera;  
 Dum Marsupia fert Alter Apostolus  
 Simonis Filio nec fit Iniquior :

Captis va nisi sit cantus Agellulus,  
 Cum Parvo sonitu subrepat Inscia  
 Frigilla, & Nemorum jurgia suscitet,  
 Subrisum moveat Pullus Hirundinis,  
 Necnon & Monachi cui Domus arbore.

Exit ter nobilis cedere Conjugis,  
 Voto qui voluit sit licet improbum,  
 In Vanumque habeat quidquid & impedit,  
 Mentem quin sibi jam comparet integram  
 Vivat nam facili, cumque parabili  
 Re, nec Carleolis invidet Artibus.

Sed Coco vacuus praparet Alia,  
 Gustum sic patina in contrahat optimum :

Nec desint Oleo Crurula Pulluli,  
 Reprensa ex Pridianoque superstite,  
 Adsit Bos Aridus, Lingulaque Hinnuli  
 Suis Buccina, Ientacula optime  
 Condit Rancida tunc Artocrea addita  
 Bacca Cervisia est in pretio, afferat  
 Promus Poculaque Alcimedontica :  
 Sectari Leporem Climate Limpido,  
 Dum suadet Catulis hora sagacibus,  
 Cedant Temporibus dumque Caniculis  
 Bruma sydera jam quaritet anxie :  
 Damarum Domus, in Quæis tremebundula  
 Terret Hospites & Silva Populeis.

Si quando libeat Limine proprio  
 Versari Officiis, non Saliaribus

*Iactet Famineis ; Sed ut Equestribus  
 Se exornet studiis, Ferra Ferocibus  
 Dans Pulvis ; Sonipes Lorea despuat :  
 Nunc volvens pedibus queis viduaverat  
 Vulturibus Nemora, & nunc Folia, abditis  
 In Musaeolis & vertere Dactylo,  
 Sic fitque ut valido Corpore gaudeat  
 Solutus Medico Hic, atque Animo simul.*

---

*In praise of Fidelia.*

**G**ET thee a Ship well rigg'd and tight,  
 With Ordnance store, and Man'd for fight,  
 Snug in Her Timbers Mould for th' Seas,  
 Yet large in Hould for Merchandies ;  
 Spread forth her Cloth, and Anchors waigh,  
 And let Her on the Curld-waves play,  
 Till Fortune-tow'd, she chance to meet  
 Th' Hesperian home-bound Western Fleet ;  
 Then let Her board-um, and for Price  
 Take Gold-ore, Sugar-canes, and Spice.  
 Yet when all these Sh'hath brought a shore,  
 In my *Fidelia* I'll finde more.

---

*Two Turtles billing, and death with his Sithe  
 over them, ready to make separation ; To whom this  
 Divide & Impera.*

**N**ATURE hath ore Affection so much won,  
 To knit a knot never to be undon  
 Whilst life remains ; but Death to shew his power  
 Cuts and Divides, so becomes Emperour :  
 Yet the Relict for to prevent Fates charmes,  
 Doth voluntary fleck into Deaths armes.

*To*

To Sir John VVentworth, upon his *Curioſities*  
and Courteous entertainment at Summerly  
in LOVINGLAND.

WHEN thou the choice of Natures wealth haſt ſkan'd,  
And brought it to compare with *Lovingland*,  
Know, that thou maſt as well make wonder leſs,  
By fancying of two Timbering Phoenixes  
At the ſame time: and dream two Suns to riſe  
At once, to caſt fire 'midſt thoſe Spiceries:  
(Pregnant She is) yet that muſt not deny  
The pureſt Gold to come from *Barbary*,  
Diamonds and Pearl from th' *Indies*, to confer  
On every Clime ſome thing peculiar,  
(For ſo She hath:) And like a ſum to all  
That Curious is, ſeems here moſt liberall,  
Affording in Epitome at leaſt,  
What ere the world can boaſt of, or call beſt.  
Now as contracted vertue doth excell  
In power and force, This ſeems a Miracle;  
Wherein all Travailers may truly ſay,  
They never ſaw ſo much in little way:  
And thence conclude their folly, that did ſteer  
To ſeek for that abroad, at home was neer  
In more perfection: Wouldſt thou *Phæbe* meet,  
*Apollo*, or the *Muſes*? not in *Greet*  
And *Greece*, but Here, at *Summerly*, thoſe are  
Remov'd to dwell, under a Patrons care,  
Who can as much Civility expreſs,  
As *Candie* lies, or *Grecia* Barbarouſneſs:  
Wouldſt thou be ſheltred under *Daphnes* groves,  
Or chooſe to live in *Tempe*, or make loves

To any place where Shepherds 'wont to lie  
 Upon the Hills, Piping security  
 Unto their flocks? here the sweet Park contains  
 More evenness than the *Arcadian* Plains :  
 Nor yet enchanted by those shadowed rings,  
 Some say the Fairies print with Revellings,  
 But's all in one dye clad, and doth appear  
 Like the Springs Favourite throughout the year.  
 The usefull Ash, and sturdy Oak are set  
 At distance, and obey; the Brambles met  
 Embracing twine int' Arbours, to conceal  
 And harbour such as stock this Common-weal,  
 Untill their Master please they should delight  
 His, or his Friends desire and appetite :  
 All tales of Satyrs banish'd are from hence,  
 And fabled Goblins that delude the sence ;  
 'Tis reall Ven'son and abroad, in paste  
 Alike may satisfie both eye and taste.  
 The Nobler Plants, as Firre Deal, and the Pine  
 Weeping out Rozen, bleeding Turpentine ;  
 Like the Life-guard, upon the Hall attend  
 At nearer distance ; where the Gods descend  
 To keep their Courts, and either Globe's devis'd,  
 To grasp the Elements Epiromis'd.

The Sun-beams steady Fire, with the Aire  
 Of the inconstant winds Indiall'd are :  
 So whilst the one, the Houre doth infer,  
 The Other Points a rule for th'Mariner :  
 Earth here's Embroydered into Walks, some strait,  
 Others like Serpents are, or worms to bait  
 Occasions hook till every humor come,  
 And feed here fat as in Elysium.

Nor is there water wanting in this wood,  
 Clear as if running, Calm as if it stood,  
 And so contriv'd by Natures helper Art,  
 There's no appearance from the whole or part,  
 That any sullen Sluce to malice bent  
 Can open, to impair that Element,  
 Nor yet th' Ambition of a Springs ore-flow,  
 Cause it t' exceed, or Limits overthrow.

Thus like a gold Chain link'd, or Bracelet strung,  
 From Carkanet Pleasures on Pleasures hung,  
 And such delightfull objects did descry  
 Pursuing of each other, that the ey  
 Astonish'd at such wonder, did crave rest,  
 For fear of Forfeiting its interest  
 In so great blis, for over-dazled t'grew,  
 And dim of sight made by each object new.

So there's a parley granted, and some space  
 To gather strength 'twix This and t'other place,  
 But very short, not half a Mile at most,  
 We landed were again, and made a Coast;  
 Where if all ancient Poets were to write,  
 They'd need no other fountain to indite  
 Story of all kindes with, but dip their pen,  
 Then swear the Muses more then nine, were ten;  
 For here dwelt one whose Magick could infuse  
 A fluency beyond all other Muse,  
 And Court the Soil, with so much Art applide,  
 That all the world seems Barbarous beside.

Here Fish and Fowl inhabit with such state,  
 As Lords and Ladies wont when serv'd in Plate,  
 Rich Arras, or the like, Bill, Breed, and swim  
 In all delightfull solace to the brim.

Decoy'd by so much rapture, on we pass  
 Unto a Castle that enchanted was  
 By th'magick spell of Musick; till there set  
 We found a Cod like to *Euterpe's* net,  
 To catch all Passengers, the *Lesbian* Lute,  
 O'rcome in harmony became there mute :  
 Whilst as for Table to the Song-books serv'd  
 The Crysell fountain : so have I observ'd,  
 When walking near a stream, the heavens to be  
 Beneath my feet, to ease *Astronomic* :  
 There tell the *Gammuth* of the Stars, and crack  
 Of all their motions even with *Tychobrack*.

The Fblers of old, I guess, might finde  
 Some Objects t'help invention, but the minde  
 Was sure Prophetick, for what ever is  
 Describ'd for rare by them, 'twas meant by this.

And yet this falls short too, when He to whom  
 The Cost and Care Owes tribute, 's there to sum  
 Up All, with such humanity, and press  
 Of crowded Favours, and heap'd Curtesies,  
 As Friendship were a Jeweller the while,  
 His welcome seem'd the Diamond, Those the foile.

### Ad Amicum agrotantem.

Omnes Te invisum veniunt Agrote valebas,  
 Nec fuerat Comitis spes tibi, solus eras :  
 Haud te etenim invideo, tanti nam non valet hospes,  
 Quem mihi det morbus, sed bene Solus ero.

Upon

(157)

*Upon King CHARLES's meeting with the  
Dukes of YORK and GLOUCESTER, and the  
Lady ELIZABETH, his three children at  
Maidenhead, the 15 of July, 1647.*

**A**fter a drowth, like welcome rain,  
To Bless the Grass and Flowers again,  
Lick up those dusty heats destroy  
Their Brisker hude, Virginity:  
No less of Comfort and of sweets  
Proves it now, Charles his Children meets;  
When an intestine Warlike force,  
Had caus'd so many years divorce.

He prays for them; their tender eyes  
Return'd Him duty sacrifice:  
Untill each others brest appears  
Affection all dissolv'd to Tears,  
Which to the High-mark-point flown on,  
Stand ready brim'd for passion.

But here all Humors that annoy  
Are banish'd, and give place to Joy;  
Yet such as doth prevaile oft times,  
To make a tear no mark of Crimes.

---

*All streams come from, and return to the Sea.*

*Quar is aquas sitiens? nescis quod Flumina Cuncta  
In Mare se rapiunt, nec satur? ah sitias.*

Nox

**Nox Diem sequitur, & Post  
Tenebras Lux.**

*Non sine nocte Dies, Tenebra nec luce carentes,  
Sed Comitem sequitur Alteruterque suam.*

---

**To Prince CHARLES.**

**S**O doth the early Plumb, the Pear, the Cherry  
Commit a Rape, and make nice Females merry,  
When long-ing-ripe; as Your return will blefs  
The Brittish Islands with new cheerfulness:  
Be pleas'd no longer therefore, SIR, to tarry,  
Left a whole Gleeke of Kingdomes should miscarry;  
But You that are the Blossom of all hope,  
Dispell the Mists from off this Horiscope;  
And in the stead of Jelousie and feares,  
Let there be harmony throughout Your Spheres.  
There needs no other Midwifery to these,  
(As wish'd for truth, and now desired peace)  
But Your fair Hand to bring the same to pass,  
And place Your Royall Father where he was.  
This be Your Noble issue, whilst all those  
Abortive prove, that so seem'd to oppose;  
And while they'd bring to birth, and yet want strength,  
Teach them to know themselves and You at length.

---



## In readventum meum ad Antiquos Lares.

*Tempora sic renovant verno sub sidere Terras,  
 Sylva & frondiferis sic reparata Comis,  
 Post tenebras sic grata Dies : sic Fluminis unda  
 Gaudens Oceanum reperiisse suum :  
 Ut Meus Antiquos iterum spectare Penates,  
 Exultans Animus quod liquisse suos.*

English'd :

The Spring thus doth the Earth repair,  
 The Wood thus puts on Leavie hair  
 Of more acceptance, so's a Spark  
 Of Light after it had been dark :  
 The Rivers thus expresse desire,  
 Hast'ning to finde their proper Sire ;  
 As all this My return implies  
 To My Old Household Deities.

---

## Navis in Tempestate.

*Fortuna & ventis agitur Loca certa tenere,  
 Nescia fit Dominis paret ut Illa suis.*

---

## The Fallacy of hopes or wishes.

**A**ll present good goes less : by Hopes we deem  
 Things Great ; as Lights farr distant greater seem.

*My Farewell to the Court.*

**G**Oe (fond Deluder of our senses) finde  
 Some other Objects Henceforth, to make blinde  
 With that thy glittering folly; for no more  
 I will be dazled with thy falser Ore;  
 Nor shall thy Syren-songs enchant, to tast  
 Or smell, or touch those Sorceries thou hast:  
 But I will strive first in my self to be  
 So much mine own, as not to flatter thee;  
 And then my Countreys, for whose welfare still  
 My native thoughts prompt to impress my will,  
 And that draws Action forth, whereby to show  
 To whom, and what, and when, and where I owe:  
 Not as this nod, or beck, or wink, or glance  
 Would dictate and imply, to follow chance,  
 Fortune, or Favours ever-turning wheel;  
 But to be firm and Constant, back'd with steel:  
 And resolution for to give the True  
 God what is his, and Caesar Tribute due,  
 And that in season too for time and place,  
 As th'one requires, and th'other affords grace:  
 Not such as onely from vain Titles springs,  
 And turns to bubble, to court Prince or Kings  
 With feign'd applauses of what'e're they speak  
 Or doe, be't ne're so frothy, fond, or weak;  
 But what is clad in truth, and dares not lie,  
 Though all the world should turn its Enemy,  
 Brand it for want of breeding, and conclude  
 Because it not dissembles, therefore 't's rude.  
 Those dancing dayes are done, nor longer sute  
 My disposition to the Harp or Lute,

Horn-pipe, or other Instruments have been  
The Common-wealths disease, ore-swoln its spleen.

*Fockie* and *Finnie* footing may appear  
Most trim at the next Wake in *Darby-shire*;  
*Gotyer* sail from the Clouds to catch our ears,  
And represent the harmony o'th' Spheres;  
*Will. Laufe* excell the dying swan: *Laneer*  
Nick it with Ravishments from touch of *Lyre*,  
Yet uncontroul'd by These, I safely may  
Survive; sithence not stung by th' *Tarantula*,  
(That tickling beast, Ambition, that makes sport  
In our hot Climate, call'd the verge of Court)  
And so resolve, dressing my mindes content,  
Henceforward to be calm, and represent  
Nothing but what my Birth and Calling draw  
My life out for, my God, my King, my Law.  
And when for these my wearied breath is spent,  
Let with my last bloods drop one sigh be sent.

*How to ride out a Storm.*

**H**E onely happy is, and wise,  
Can Cunn his Barque when Tempests rise,  
Know how to lay the Helm and steer,  
Lie on a Tack Port and Laveer,  
Sometimes to weather, then to Lee,  
As waves give way, and winds agree;  
Nor Boom at all in such a stress,  
But by degrees Loom Les and Les;  
Ride out a Storm with no more loss  
Than the endurance of a Toss:  
For though he cannot well bear saile  
In such a fresh and powerfull Gale,

Yet when there is no other shift,  
 Thinks't not amiss to ride a drift;  
 To shut down Ports, and Tyers to Hale in,  
 To Seal the hatch up with Tarpalin;  
 To Ply the Pump, and no means slack,  
 May clear Her Bilge, and keep from wrack;  
 To take in Cloth, and in a word,  
 Unlade, and cut the Mast by bord:  
 So Spoon before the Wind and Seas,  
 Where though she'll Roule, she'll goe at ease;  
 And not so strain'd, as if laid under  
 The wave that Threatens sudden founder;  
 And whilst the fury and the rage,  
 Leaves little hopes for Anchorage;  
 Yet if She can but make a Coast  
 In any time, She'll not be lost,  
 But in affections Bay will finde  
 A Harbour suited to her minde:

Where Casting out at first the Kedg,  
 Which gives Her ground, and priviledg  
 Of stop, she secondly lets fall  
 That Anchor from the Stream men call;  
 The Others all a Cock-bell set,  
 One after other down are let  
 Into the Sea, till at the last  
 She's come to Moorage, and there fast,  
 In hopes to be new Shethd 's inclin'd  
 To lie aside untill Carin'd;  
 That when She shall be paid again,  
 So Grav'd, She may endure the Main.  
 Thus when his Vessell hath out-gon  
 This and that rugged motion,

His Pole-starr's fix'd, and guides him there  
Where CHARLES is not in vain but sphere;  
Then He'll another Voyage try,  
Laden with Faith and Loyalty,  
Which He no sooner parts with, than  
Dry-ground becomes an Ocean.

In Incurfionem Guftavicam, vel introitum  
in Germaniam.

*Q*uem<sup>1</sup> Domus Austriaca ab Patriis secluserat Oris,  
Hunc<sup>2</sup> Gustave summa adjam remeare facis:

Nempè Palatinum Cælesti numine tutum

Fecit, & est Populi Dux Deus Ipse sui:

Vidit, & attonitas aperit Franconia<sup>3</sup> portas,

<sup>4</sup> Hispanos refugos, <sup>5</sup> Casarcôsque ferunt.

<sup>6</sup> Dura per immites salierunt mœnia flammæ,

Savitiam pingens Militis<sup>7</sup> Arva jacet.

<sup>8</sup> Albis clara suis lymphis mutata, colore

Et quasi Rubescens sanguinolenta fluit.

Vnde fit? aut quorsum mutatio tanta? requiris

<sup>9</sup> Cur fugis à Portis Walstanc dire tuis?

*Q*ue<sup>10</sup> fugiendi animum Fernande occasio reddit,

Quis Tibi dat vulnus? quis metus ora tenet?

<sup>11</sup> Quid latitas Claustris tantâ feliciter annis

Castra regens? vivens cur Monumenta petis?

Vltor adest Dominus, Gentem victâmq; reponit

Victricem; Populum restituitque suum,

<sup>12</sup> Saxoniasque vires tandem laxavit in usum,

Et Suecus<sup>13</sup> longo<sup>14</sup> flumine cuncta tulit.

bus Populoque Germanico tollatur & ut eis pristinae restaurantur Libertates: Almania quasi Tota & qua  
Hycina sylvâ cincta Sibi subdita.

<sup>1</sup> Bohemæ rex  
seu Palatinus.

<sup>2</sup> Rex Suetiz.

<sup>3</sup> Pro omni in  
Palatinatus Ci-  
vitate.

<sup>4</sup> Ex Opnam.

<sup>5</sup> Wirtsburg.

<sup>6</sup> Magdeburg.

<sup>7</sup> Ods acre  
prelium Lipic

<sup>8</sup> The Elve flum  
German.

<sup>9</sup> Palatinum in  
Prague,

<sup>10</sup> Imperator in  
fugam paratus ut  
fama.

<sup>11</sup> Tillius in Mo-  
nasterium subre-  
ptus ut fama sed  
mendax.

<sup>12</sup> Saxoniz dux  
qui se neutralem  
huc usque refer-  
vasset.

<sup>13</sup> Hoc ita di-  
ctum à multica-  
dine militum.

<sup>14</sup> Hoc vero à  
puritate causæ  
ad suscipiendum  
hoc Bellum  
maxime moven-  
tis, ut Aquila  
jura à Principi-

## Roses &amp; Lys unys.

*Quid Ganymedeas formas canis & Iouis Ignes,  
 Reddit enim Cacos Ipse Cupido Deos :  
 Quidve Helenam numeras ? nempe est perfectio Forma  
 Unica, cum fuerint Lilia nupta Rosis.*

---

*Mart. l. 7.  
 Ep. 38.*

*Upon Celins.*

**W**Hilst *Celins* can no longer hear  
 The Newes-transporting Babbler ;  
 Nor yet endure a Morning spent  
 In entertaining Complement  
 From This or That Great person : He  
 Feigneth a Gouty Infirmitie ;  
 And better falshood to disguise,  
 His sounder feet with swathes he ties,  
 And seems to goe in pain as far,  
 As art can prove a Crippler :  
 Till She to Nature turns at last,  
 And so in earnest *Celins*'s fast.

---

*Mart. l. 10.  
 Ep. 47.*

*A happy Life.*

**T**Hat which Creates a happy life,  
 Is substance left, not gain'd by strife,  
 A fertile and a Thankfull mold,  
 A Chimney always free from Cold ;  
 Never to be the Client, nor  
 But seldome times the Counsellor.

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A Minde content with what is fit,  
Whose strength doth most consist in Wit;  
A Body nothing prone to be  
Sick, a Prudent Simplicitie;  
Such Friends as of ones own rank are;  
Homely fare, not sought from farre;  
The table without Arts help spread;  
A night in Wine not buried,  
Yet drowning Cares; a Bed that's blest  
With true Joy, Chastity, and rest;  
Such short sweet Slumber as may give  
Less time to die in't, more to live:  
Thine own Estate what's to commend,  
And wish not for, nor fear thine end.

---

In Magis. Vilet.

*ANni Hæc prima Dies Veris sic prima videtur,  
Quâ simul & Violam vidimus & Glaciem.*

---

To Quintianus.

Mart. l. 5.  
Ep. 18.

THat in December when gifts fly  
From this to that Friend mutually,  
I nought but Books send, thou'lt Judg thus,  
Perhaps I'm Avaricious;  
No, know I hate those fond deceits,  
And Crafts in gifts are like to baits  
On hooks, whereon a Fly doth cheat  
The greedier Fish when it would eat.  
And whilst a Poor man sendeth not at all  
Unto's rich friends, He seems more Liberall.

In

In quendam Militem panem in  
dorsum portantem.

*V*entrem ut Hic oneret, non tergam onerare recusat,  
*V*entrem Onerat tergam qua exonerare suam.

---

Ad Scoto-Britannum cui Carolus  
noster se subtraxit.

*Q*uod fugit ad Scotas Rex, quid mirabile Scotus,  
Mutuo nempe Anglis dum datur ille suis  
Redditus est igitur: sic cum modo debita solvant  
Cuncti iterum, Regem fac revenire Tuum.

English'd:

What wonder is't, the King to'th Scots is fled,  
When by the English He was Borrowed,  
So now's restor'd: that all their debts pay thus,  
I'd wish our Brethren send Him back to us.

---

Naturæ defectus.

*P*astor Fido. *S*I Peccare grave est placidum simul, integra non est  
Natura, exitium qua cupit Ipsa suum:  
Lex vel dura nimis, quæ cum natura videtur  
Offensa, & Vincit se opposuisse suis.

In



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In Mortem sui Thesci, J. D. sororem  
ducturi, Anno 1623.

**N**omine si hoc unquam mors (Invidiosa) meretur,  
Tempora sint Lachrymis digna vel ulla meis;  
Ecce adsunt: Hymen ipse Teda cum accendere iussit,  
Accenditque suam Mors gemibunda fascem.  
Inque Elegos vertit Nuptialia Carmina, risus  
In Gemitus; vestes nunc Color unus habet:  
Amaracisque fugat flores inuisa Cupressus;  
Atque suis Ramis Tempora Cineta tenet.  
Dumque Mea jam partem anima rapit, altera resto  
Mancus, & ingrata est qua mihi vita manet.

---

In Obitum Nobilissimi Principis Mauriti  
Hassiae Landgravii, Anno 1633.

**G**ustavum doleant Alii, doleantque secessum  
Heu Frederice tuum; nec Careant Lachrymis,  
Fontibus ex binis gemini manare dolores,  
Nam duplex Cordi Causa gementis erat:  
Nunc ni Triformi huic maneat pars altera telis,  
Impercussa suis Mors inopina redit  
Tertius & Princeps semper descendus ab omni,  
Parte perit Patria Lausque decusque sua:  
Virtutes Alii quibus est facundia parrent,  
Suppressa Haec tanta pondere Musa silet.

*An Epitaph on E. W.*

**N**ature lent time, so He grew old  
 And prodigall at once in this,  
 Setting it all at stake 'gainst gold,  
 Whereof He made his greatest blis:  
 But when She saw He took of All  
 Men interest, yet paid Her none,  
 She Calls for in the Principall,  
 And layes it up under this Stone,

*Defessus est ambulando.*

*On a Player.*

**T**Hou that so oft in jest was wont to die,  
 Art now tane at thy word, and here dost lie:  
 Thine Acts had many Scenes, Death's had but one,  
 His *Entry* was thine *Exit*, bad be gone;  
 Thou act'st a King no more, no that's laid by,  
 Nor any's Parasite in flattery;  
 Thou hast put off the Clowns slops now, nor art  
 Wrapt with the fury of a Lovers part;  
 But suit'st thy self in one, wherein all must  
 Thy fellow-Actors be, to sleep in Dust.

## In Obitum Ben. Johnf. Poetæ eximii.

**H**E who began from Brick and Lime  
 The Muses Hill to climbe;  
 And whilom busied in laying Ston,  
 Thirsted to drink of *Helicon*;  
 Changing His Trowell for a Pen,  
 Wrote straight the Temper not of Dirt but Men,

Now sithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gon,  
 Let Those remain of th'occupation  
 He honor'd once, square Him a Tomb may say  
 His Craft exceeded farr a Dawbers way.  
 Then write upon't, He could no longer tarry,  
 But was return'd again unto the Quarry.

*Of an Old Man.*

**H**appy is He who on his own fields stage,  
 And no where else, hath acted ore his Age;  
 He, whom his own house, (had it eyes and tongue)  
 Might say it sees Him old, and saw him young,  
 Now trusting to a staff, he treads those sands  
 He formerly had crept on with his hands:  
 So reckons up the long descent and (dorage  
 Through decays) of that his homely Cottage,  
 He ne'r was drawn with fortunes Train to haste,  
 Nor did He flatter Forain springs with taste,  
 He was no Merchant-man might fear the Straits,  
 Nor Souldier fancying Military baits,

He never Pleased, neither strife nor force,  
 Of brabbling Law-suits ever made him hoarse :  
 But (as uncapable of business) free,  
 Cannot resolve what the next town should be,  
 Yet doth enjoy a prospect (may controule  
 All others) of the free Aire, and Pole.  
 Nor casts He up the year by Consuls now,  
 But as the Fruit-trees to their seasons bow,  
 By Apples Autumn, Spring by Flowers befalls him,  
 One field hides Phabus-face, the same recalls him :  
 And thus This Countrey-swains observing way  
 Measures within his Orb the Course of Day.  
 He did remember yongreat Oak, when 't stood  
 But for a sapling, so's grown old with's wood :  
 And judging that same He (with less wits blest  
 More Barbarism) to be th' Indies East :  
 He doth conclude the Red-sea to be near,  
 Beholding Stanground, Farcet, and the Meer :  
 And yet through strength unconquer'd he may gather  
 Comfort, the third Age sees him Grandfather.  
 Let others wander to the farth'st of Spain,  
 The way is onely Theirs, but life His gain.

### De Tristibus.

To a Cat, bore me company in Confinement.

A Ssociate to my Tears, whose nature ride  
 Makes thee a fit Companion for my side,  
 Who Captive sit under Confinements wing  
 For Being too active to act suffering.

So become Passive too: Scratch but thine ear,  
 Then boldly tell what weather's drawing near.  
 For I'll conclude, no storm of Fortune can  
 Prevail ore *Cæsar's* baïque, an honest Man.

*Sola Bella che piace.*

'TIs but a folly to be nice,  
 Since liking sets on Beauty price;  
 And what we doe affect alone,  
 Becomes to Each His Paragon:

All Colour, Shape, or Form, we know  
 Improve to best to those think so;  
 For where Esteem its Anchor wets,  
 There grows true Pearl, no Counterfets.

Were She as Crooked as a Pin,  
 And yet could Love, it were no sin  
 To love again; for Writers tell,  
 That love hath in't the Loadstons spell:  
 Were She proportion'd like the Sphere,

No Limb or Joint Irregular;  
 Yet to my fancy if she Jarr,  
 I shall not sail by such a Starr:

Did She out-vie the new-born Day,  
 Or th'richest Treasuries of May,  
 So that what Skies or Flowers put on,

Give place to her Complexion,  
 I'll sooner deem a black Wench white,  
 Thats suiting to my Appetite.

Well, in conclusion, hath She Fair,  
 Or Brown, or Black, or Golden hair  
 Where one is *Cupid* struck, *Venus* is there.

*Magnetis amor  
 est amor.*

*To Retiredness.*

**N**Ext unto God, to whom I owe  
 What e're I here enjoy below,  
 I must indebted stand to Thee,  
 Great Patron of my Libertie;  
 For in the Cluster of affaires,  
 Whence there are dealing severall shares:  
 As in a Trick Thou hast convey'd  
 Into my hand what can be said;  
 Whilst He who doth himself possess,  
 Makes all things pass him seem farr less.

Riches and Honors that appear  
 Rewards to the Adventurer,  
 On Either side of Court or Seas,  
 Are not attain'd nor held with ease;  
 But as unconstancy bears sway,  
 Quickly will fleet and Ebb away:  
 And oft when Fortune those Confers,  
 She gives them but for Torturers:  
 When with a Minde Ambition-free,  
 These, and much more come home to Me.

Here I can sit, and sitting under  
 Some portions of His works of wonder,  
 Whose all are such, observe by reason,  
 Why every Plant obeys its season;  
 How the Sap rises, and the Fall,  
 Wherein They shake off Leafs and all;  
 Then how again They bud and spring,  
 Are laden for an Offering:  
 Which whilst my Contemplation sees,  
 I am taught Thankfulness from trees.

Then

Then turning over Natures leaf,  
 I mark the Glory of the Sheaf,  
 For every Field's a severall page,  
 Disciphering the Golden Age:  
 So that without a Miners pains,  
 Or *Indie's* reach, here plenty raigns,  
 Which watred from above, implies,  
 That our acknowledgments should rise  
 To Him, that thus creates a birth  
 Of Mercies for us out of Earth:

Here, is no other Case in Law,  
 But what the Sun-burnt Hat of Straw,  
 With crooked Sickle reaps and binds-  
 Up into Sheaves to help the hinds;  
 Whose arguing alon's in this,  
 Which Cop lies well, and which amiss,  
 How the Hock-Cart with all its gear  
 Should be trick'd up, and what good chear,  
*Bacon* with *Cook's* reports exprels,  
 And how to make the Teeth goe les.

There, are no other Warrs, or Strife's--  
 Encouragers, shrill Trumpets, Fyfes,  
 Or horrid Drumms; but what Excels.  
 All Musick, Nature's Minstrels  
 Piping and Chirping, as they sit:  
 Embow'd in branches, dance to it:  
 And if at all Those doe contest,  
 It is in this, but, which sings best:  
 And when they have contended long,  
 I [though unseen] must judg the Song...

Thus



Thus out of fears, or noise of Warr,  
 Crowds, and the clamourings at Barr;  
 The Merchant's dread, th' unconstant tides,  
 With all Vexation besides;  
 I hugg my Quiet, and alone  
 Take thee for my Companion,  
 And deem in doing so, I've all  
 I can True Conversation call:  
 For so my Thoughts by this retreat  
 Grow stronger, like contracted heat.

Whether on Natures Book I muse,  
 Or else some other writes on't, use  
 To spend the time in, every line,  
 Is not excentrick but Divine:  
 And though all others downward tend,  
 These look to heaven, and ascend  
 From whence they came; where pointed he,  
 They ravish into Myserie,  
 To see the footsteps here are trod  
 Of mercy by a Gracious God.

*To my Book.*

**G**Oe, and my Blessing with Thee; then remain  
 Secure, with such as kindly entertain:  
 If sent to any Others, tell them this,  
 The Author so takes but his Mark amiss:  
 Who's fearless of reproach from Criticks skill,  
 Seing, t'look a given horse ith' mouth sounds ill:  
 And what alone to Friends he would impart,  
 Hath not at all to doe with Fair or Mart,  
 Wherefore whoever shall peruse these Rimes,  
 Must know, they were beguilers of spare times.



**I**S there a Child borne: what great wonder's that:  
When <sup>his</sup> natures property to Generat;  
But here's a Sonne too given, which implies  
All that can be ascrib'd to Mysteries;  
For He's a Father, Brother, Kinsman, Friend,  
Both Sacrifice and Priest to recommend  
That offering up: Samaritan past by  
Himself, to Act the height of Charity  
On us lay stript, wounded; A Physitian  
Cures the disease of our indisposition  
To ought that good is; Shepherd to redresse,  
And bring us back out of the wilderness;  
Where we had gon astray into his fould,  
A Merchant that Redeems us who were fould  
To sinne and bondage; and to make all good,  
Contented was to spare his precious blood:  
So was a Lambe before the Shearers led,  
To be disroab'd, despis'd, and slaughtered,  
That we might Live in credit, and put on  
The whiter Robe of his Salvation:  
This Atlas-like the Government doth bear  
Upon His shoulder, and if Counsellour  
We would esteem Him, we should be content  
To make his mercies our encouragement:  
For mighty faults deserve a mighty rod,  
But He an Everlasting mighty God,  
The Prince of Peace, full of Compassions store,  
Holds our the Golden scepter evermore,  
And that this Birth and Gift to us be knowne,  
He pleads himself Our cause at's Fathers Throne.  
*Christus.*

By second Error, but as Judge torty  
(Whilſt Conſcience vnder ſuch enormity)  
And as mans miſdeameours they expreſſe  
Though Griefe be ſore, yet ſo ſoone leſſe  
**Totus, Solus, in Omnibus**

**NE** tibi deſicias ſac ſit tibi Totus Ieſus  
Nec metuas, Chriſtus ſat tibi ſolus, erit  
omnibus & capiens rebus gaudere ſecunda  
Conſerat in Dominum ſingula facta ſumma

That to your ſelfe you be not wanting, make  
Ieſus all yours, and Chriſt alone your ſtake;  
For who deſires enjoyment of good things  
Muſt place upon his Lord what e're hee brings.

**Tantillus Homo, & Tantus Peccator.**

**H**ow ſmall a thing is Man, and yet Immence,  
In acting over Diſobedience,  
From the firſt ſpawning time He did begin  
To hatch Rebellion, and to foſter ſin:  
Diſpute His Makers mandate, and make choiſe:  
To yeeld unto the Subtil Serpents voyce:  
Thus then betray'd, ere ſince he doth preferre  
Cuſtome to be New-natures Uſherer;  
And ſo preſcribes, Thinking he doth no worſe  
Then his Fore-father who entail'd the curſe  
A new Beliefe of credit would put on,  
That God would ſigne a new Redemption:  
As if his Sonne into the world did daine,  
Once for to come, ſhould come for him again;  
And ſo He will, yet not by Rantome led  
To purchaſe that again man forfeited

By second Error, but as Judge to try  
(Whilst Conscience verdicts) Each enormity:  
And as mans misdemeanours They expresse,  
Though Great in Guilt, in Goodnes He's goe lesse.

**Ad Amicum.**

*Prandia parua iuvant, Parua lectusq; domusq;  
Nec magna Puer est, nec focus illatus.  
Parvis magna solet virtus gaudere micatque  
Oppositis positum grandis ingenium.*

**Before a Sacrament.**

**I**S there a Feast to day? must I make one:

At so great Celebration:

And am I yet to seeke how to be drest

As to become a worthy Guest?

If to some other Table bid I were

My Taylor, and my Shoemaker,

Sempster, and Barber, all might misdred be

To add to my Formality.

But this more reall than all else, implies

A Banquet fill'd with mysteries:

God's manifested in the Flesh, and thus

The height of mercy shewn to us:

And if the Rule of charity begins

At home, let's call to mind our sins,

Befreind our selves to farre as to Conscience

How much He did, and we doe lesse,

Be joyfull for so Great a Saviours Power,

Yet in Contrition meet a shower,

To think how oft whilst lewd affections gulle

We make our Lord New crucified,

Them

Tim. 3. 16

Then if we would no more of horror dread  
We may approach and take this bread  
And wine, the Comfort and the staffe, whereby

Not Life but Lifes Eternary

Secured is, and then with Grace possesse

Shew that we have an interest

In his high merits which alone Comprise

Power to quell our Enemies

And though our former Actions turn'd to weed

Let's now bring Faith though but a Mustard seed

So may we all remove that high appears

In our Concepts into a sea of Tears

For 'tis His Blood no other Jordan can

Cuer the Leperous Assyman

Job, 2.14.

1 Cor. I. 30.

Prov. 9. 10. Sapientia;

1 Cor. I. 29. Justitia;

Sanctificatio

Redemptio,

Non Recusantes, Crucis & Afflictionibus & Tribulationibus pro Illo succumber. Qui istius Gravitatem & Anxietatem pro nobis sustenta verat.

*Qui factus suis*

*nobis a Deo*

*Vt Timeamus ut post Initium.*

*Vt nostra nihil pendamus quoniam carnalis.*

*Vt in posterum vita prioris pravitate vitetur & secundum sacrosanctam tam verbum quam Exempli normam ambulamus.*

*Vt ne quid amplius Diabolo, Peccatis scilicet & affectionibus Carnalibus sed ipso sacrificanti sacrificio, Ipso semper in omni sancta & peragamus in sancta Consecramus & sacrificemus.*

